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TO JOHN C. HEENAN.

ON HIS SECOND VISIT TO BRITAIN.

BY J. G., OF BOSTON.

CHIVALROUS Champion—whose undaunted heart
Leads thee again to seek a foreign land,
Looking for foeman worthy of thy hand—
Accept the prayers of those from whom you part,
That all your knightly contests crown'd may be
By great and ever glorious victory.

Go forth, Benicia, in thy honest might,
And with clear field, and from all favor free,
Let Britons know you've come across the sea
Anxious once more to meet their valiant knight;
And if *he* dares not now to show his face,
You're ready for the fresh young King, or Mace.

A Nation, trusting in thy noble arm,
Waits with a guerdon, ancient warriors craved,
A Nation's thanks for dangers proudly braved.
May you in triumph, free from scathe, return,
A Nation's honor in your keeping safe,
In spite of Lion's paw or Lion's chafe.

With graceful courage may your soul, unstained,
Aspire to laurels which, when deftly won,
Leave naught to wish for when the race is run;
The prize within your grasp, the goal once gained,
Our hero stands, 'neath stars and stripes, unfurl'd,
The Champion of the Isles and of the world.

"4-11-44!"

OR,

THE LOTTERY OF LIFE IN A GREAT CITY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHN COOPER VAIL.

CHAPTER III—CONTINUED.

Thus soliloquizing, he reached the corner of Pearl and Chatham streets, when, taking a night key, he unlocked the door of an old frame house that stood there at that period. In five minutes he came forth again, and no one, in the strange disguise he wore—not even his familiar friends—would, in the honest countryman that he appeared, have recognized the brave detective officer, Dick Bradshaw. They might have wondered, too, to see him pass a pair of handcuffs and a pistol into a more convenient pocket.

The length and breadth of Walnut street was still alive when he reached there, and after glancing at his boots, well coated with the red mud of the Jersey state, with the remark' "they'll do," he boldly walked into a crib, where a cracked fiddle with the tune of Money Musk was keeping time for several individuals who enjoyed the Terpsichorean art.

Upon the instant, he was welcomed by a playful damsel of two hundred weight, who might have been some forty years of age, bnt who thought proper to set off her gushing charms, like a girl of ten, in a low necked dress and pantalettes—with the remark, "Come, pappy, ain't you going to treat?"

"Dod rot me if I don't, for I feel just as dry as dry can be, myself, and I don't mind about treating such a handsome gal as you. I had a chunk of mackerel for my supper down to the hotel where I put up, and I'll be darned if Lot's wife was a patch to it for salt. There, take it out of that," he added, to a sailor looking chap, with ear-rings in his ears, that stood behind the bar—the reputed lover of the woman who was known as owner of the crib—and he threw down a dollar bill upon the counter.

"Won't you treat my sister, too? Come, tha'r's a dear," exclaimed the blushing damsel, as she toyed with Bradshaw's chain.

"Well, I don't keer; which is the gal? As daddy says, it isn't every day we kill a pig, so trot her up."

Another girl immediately stepped forward at this cue, quite ready to imbibe.

"Mister, haven't you got something that's a little nearer by," exclaimed the bar-keeper, after they had drank, and he had scrutinized the bill.

"Why, that is just as good as gold, and darned a bit of other kind of money have I got about me at the present time."

"What bank is it, Rattlesnake?" exclaimed one of the bullies of the place, a stout young man, with shiny soap locks and broad bottomed pantaloons.

"The Phœnix Bank, of Westerley, Rhode Island," was the reply.

"That's all right, Rattlesnake. I saw a twenty spot on the same bank to-day, that Tan won on the fight."

Much of the money of which the murdered broker had been despoiled was upon the same institution, and Bradshaw was immediately interested in this man.

"Come on, all hands, and take a drink, and if you will just tell us all about that fight, my friend, I don't care if I stand another shot. I'm on the wrestle some, myself, when I'm to home. What time was it the fight took place?"

"At half-past two o'clock, up at the Mount Pitt Circus," said the man addressed, much pleased to think he was about to catch a flat. "All the sporting men were there, and a good many gals who travel on their shape. The pit was boarded round so all could see, and no one was to interfere until one or the other should squeal out enough. It was the biggest hog fight for an hour and a quarter, between Lem Jones and Keeder, anybody ever saw. Lem chucked him every time, but Tan fights just as as well upon his back as on his feet, and Lem might as well have tried to hold a tiger down, for Tan's knees kept all the time a working up in his provision bag, till he was glad to let him loose, and begin the round again. At last, when Lem's head was big as a peck measure, and he couldn't see a mite, Biting Bill, the referee, gave it in favor of Tan. Here's luck, Squire."

"Well, but who won the twenty dollar note upon the Bank of Westerly?"

"Why, Tan, of course, raked everything. When he goes in for a fight, he always sports his slugs upon himself. I saw Saul Bludgeon stake that twenty spot with him, and when it was put up I noticed it, because Tan, who can't either read or write, said it was good as wheat. But here's a game that you can all buck at, gentlemen, and make your fortunes easy out of hand;" and producing three little cups that much resembled acorns halved in twain, he placed them with a bit of sponge upon his knee. The ball he then put under one of them, and after shifting them about, exclaimed, "I'll bet five, ten, fifteen, or twenty dollars no one can tell whereabouts the little joker lays."

In an instant, Bradshaw's manner wholly changed.

"How old's your horse?" he said, sarcastically. "You can't come it, Slap, and have not caught a flat this time, as you supposed. You play the thimble rig quite creditably, indeed, but the Green Mountain boy can take you down, and give you two chalks in the game."

"By thunder, I'll know who you are, at any rate," vociferated the sharper, as he slipped the thimbles in his pocket, and strode up to him in a threatening manner. The other bullies also rose to take a hand along.

"Don't double bank me, boys, until I speak one word with Slap in private."

"Well, be quick about it, then, for I don't like such customers as you, who come to catch us on some dodge we don't know anything about."

The officer whispered a single word into the sharper's ear.

"Chain lightning, you don't want me now!" he cried, and starting back, he cringed with fear.

"Not yet, but bid this crowd to clear, or else your time is up."

"Get out," cried Slap, "as if hell kicked you all on end!" and in an instant all of the ruffians stepped aside, and Bradshaw walked forth unharmed from the crowd.

"Who was it, Slap? exclaimed they, when Bradshaw left the house.

"Somebody that I don't care about naming. Moll, get your half pint, and let's trot up to bed. It's devilish lucky that you didn't touch him or his watch, for if you had, all of us would be in hock in less than half an hour."

Tan Keeder was enjoying a refreshing slumber, notwithstanding the hard brush that he had undergone, for he was not much hurt in his fight with Lem Jones, when suddenly he heard his name called out, and when he rubbed his eyes, he saw Bradshaw standing by the bed.

"What's up?" he said. "I know you, Dick, in spite of your disguise."

"I want you, Tan."

"The hell you do," said Tan, raising himself up on his elbow to converse more at his ease. "Well, I'd like to know what kind of a damned free country you call this, when two persons who are both agreed to have a quiet fight can't peg into each other without the cursed law must interfere. I haven't cooked his mutton, have I? If I have, why, sing the news; but he was big enough to whip a half a dozen men like me, if he had only got the nerve."

"It's not on account of your scrimmage, Tan, that I am here. I merely want to borrow for a time the twenty dollar note you won upon your fight to-day from Saul Bludgeon."

"Then why the hell didn't you say so at once?" and taking a roll of bills from under his pillow, he sorted out the one desired, and gave it to the officer.

"It's none of my business to know what's up, and I don't inquire, but if you get that sucker in hock for old acquaintance sake, why, give him hell."

"I won't do nothing shorter, Tan, as you say, if he deserves it, rest assured. So-long, Tan."

"So-long, Dick," and Tan was fast asleep before the officer was half a block away.

Bradshaw did not pause until he reached a sailors' boarding house in Cherry street, where Saul Bludgeon lodged. Though it was now nearly two o'clock at night, the case did not admit of delay.

He rang the bell, and to the inquiry "who's there?" replied—"Bill Bludgeon; I'm just in from the country, and I want to see my brother Saul, who lodges here."

"Well, then you'll have to go outside the Narrows," was the gruff response. "This afternoon he started for Havana; but I can't stand here a blowing all night in the cold," added the unseen sentinel, who talked behind the door.

',Only one word more, my friend; what ship?"

"The Andrew Jackson," was the sentinel's reply.

"Blue blazes!" muttered Bradshaw, as he walked away. "No matter, my interesting Saul, I think my health requires a visit South, and I will shortly find you out among the Spanish Dons."

CHAPTER IV.

HOW HARRY FOSTER WON BEAUTIFUL SARAH HARVEY.

THE fugitive is on the seas, destined for the port of Havana, but the vigilant officer of the law is in hot pursuit. The murder is in every one's mouth, as a nine days' wonder; and then the excitement dies away, and the world wags on much the same as before. The newspapers—slow coaches though they are at the period of our narrative—have somehow got hold of the thread of the story, and even the smart Alderman Puffy is forced to acknowledge that the poor mechanic may be out of work, and compelled to beg for a quarter to buy something for a starving wife and child, without having a desire to slit the throats of honest citizens, although he cannot resist giving him an admonishing reproof when he is set free, to beg or starve, as his inclination may lead him. "Take care, my man, and don't get caught in such a scrape again; and you had better chuck away your jackknife as soon as possible, for if you keep on carrying it you will soon be in trouble again, I warrant, for I can see through a mill stone as far as any man, mind that."

These were not the days of fast steamers, and it often took long weeks for the slow sailing packet ships to make the voyage to and fro the West India Islands, whither the fugitive had undoubtedly fled.

So rapidly had events crowded upon officer Bradshaw, being detailed immediately by the chief of the police department to follow in the wake of the murderer, that he had no time or opportunity to explain to Sarah Harvey the various traps and wiles laid by the accomplished libertine to ensnare his victim in the toils. Had Bradshaw not been detailed for the service, all perhaps had gone well, and the beautiful girl been saved to become an ornament to society; for, with his knowledge of the world, he would have thrown around her a wall of brass, actuated by the interest he felt in her welfare. Now that he was away, and the dangerous secret kept from her mother's ear, it were a superhuman work for a young girl just budding into womanhood, to guard against the wiles of an accomplished roue, backed by a colossal fortune of over a million dollars. Painter never depicted on canvas a more charming face or form than hers. The delicate tint of her complexion has seldom been equalled in art, even in the choice pictures displaying the highest types of female beauty by the best of the Italian masters. Her hair was a light auburn, and, freed from the comb, it fell in soft and silken ringlets a full span's length below her round and taper waist. Her eyes were of a sparkling yet peculiar blue—those doves' eyes that the poets tell about in rhyme—that sleep beneath bright chastity's pure veil; but, if the charm is rent, spread ruin and black desolation like the whirlwind sown abroad. The poet Moore, had he beheld them, would have written cantos in their praise. The editor of "New-York's Hawking Buzzard" would have told the story in a line—"They'd throw a cove of seventeen in spasms." Her foot the goddess Hebe would have envied, when she waited on the feasts at high Olympus, and bore around the sparkling nectar of the gods. Many are living yet—fast travelers then, though now grown sage and sober with declining years—and we have heard the same expression from a hundred lips—"She was the fairest girl I ever saw." As yet, she, with the arts she possessed, had kept young Harry Foster well at bay, although she seemed to still encourage his suit. Something however whispered to him that the fair girl was placed upon her guard. Instinctively his mind turned to the only one he thought would care to mar his plans—the police officer, Richard Bradshaw.

The fortune-teller's place in Monroe street was known no more. The end had been accomplished, and they who sought the gifted woman to unveil their future fate, found no one there, and the establishment "to let." But, in the most fashionable part of Bond street—then the quiet suburbs of the town—a splendid house had recently been taken by a lady and her daughter, who, 'twas said, had just arrived from France. Their antecedents no one knew, but the rich furniture the carmen's carts brought to the door was proof convincing of their wealth. They seldom went abroad, and when they did, both mother and daughter were closely veiled. Whether the daughter was a young and handsome girl none could surmise, and all the servants were as close as if their places depended on their discreetness as regarded household affairs.

It is now the hour of broad noon-day; the damask curtains of the splendid parlor are drawn close, while an almost twilight darkness seems to hang about the place. Mother and daughter are conversing in low whispered tones—for their's is not a subject for the world to hear—but of a terrible and evil deed they are about to do, which done, may be 4-11-44, or even Harry Foster's countless wealth will not be found enough to save them from the clutches of the law.

The mother nervously exlaims, "Susy, deary, I hardly like the business. I feel afraid that we shall get in trouble by it, and we both may have to go to jail, and then—"

"And then—and then—what is the use, mother, of your always being faint of heart? I tell you that I want revenge on all the world. Sometimes you mumble if I will turn good and join the church, or something of that sort, that I could get into good society, and pass as a respectable and virtuous wife. As if I, the well-known gallus Susan Paine could smile on any man with serpents gnawing at my heart; and, as for love, I am impregnable to that as if my body were a marble statue. I promise everything to gain my point. I promised love to Bludgeon when I made him murder him you sold me to when I was yet a child. Why do you put your fingers in your ears, and moan as if your heart was carved in twain? Speak out, or I will shriek so loud that you will hear, spite of yourself, and then beware—"

"No, no, no, Susy dear, I do not mean it; forgive your mother for this once," and falling on her knees, she raised her hands beseechingly, and crawled in sheer agony to her daughter's feet.

The girl gazed on her with a look of withering scorn, and paused a moment ere she made reply. She seemed like some avenging demon, fresh from the lake of living fire, to hurl down dreadful vengeance on the author of her wrongs.

"Five hundred was my price," at length she muttered through her hard set teeth, "five thousand you receive from this young rake for her. That means, you make a better bargain now, for I can swear that when at first I was put in the market to be sold, I was as fair and handsomer than she."

"Have mercy on your poor old mother, Susy dear."

"Well then get up," the girl exclaimed bitterly, and spurning her with her foot. "We have had fooling enough like this before; and, if you keep on interfering in my plans, sometime I'll do you mischief, true as there's a living God."

The old woman, after a passionate sob, complied, and once more resumed her seat.

"Mother," the girl continued, "you have had the foolish fear to think that Harry Foster's dupe would know you in your new disguise, and that Sarah Harvey will at once discover that his wealthy aunt in Bond street and the fortune-teller of Monroe street are the same. Don't tremble so, or I won't speak another word."

"I won't, sweet Susy dear."

"You can be out," the girl continued, in the same harsh tone, "and take care that you don't return till after we have dined. Ha, ha! the world has proved a whited sepulchre to me, and I have got the heart to give to her the deadly drug that soon will bring her to the level of my shame. The murderess and the harlot will not pause in her good work, until the world is strewn with toads and serpents that she engenders in her heart."

The mother could not help the question:—"Susy, deary, have you got a heart?"

"A stone one mother; hard as a nether millstone now, to every sense of right or wrong. It seems as if a stream of molten lead kept pouring on it day and night, but it has crumbled into cinders long ago, and all the fires of hell can never make it scorch or burn me more. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing. What is the time, my Susy dear?"

"Past three, and if she is not shy, they will be here at five. Where is the drug?"

"Here, exclaimed the mother as with a trembling hand she took a vial from her bosom. "Be careful 'tis not labeled, Susy dear. A very few drops so the druggist said, will place her in a sleep from which she will not awake for hours."

"I'll give her all of it, aye every drop," exclaimed the girl, as she stretched forth her hand and seized the baneful draught.

"That may cause murder," said her mother, in a pleading tone.

"Mother," exclaimed the girl, "another word like that and I will to the police office and betray the history of our lives. I'll not be thwarted in a single act I will to do, though gibbets lined my path at every turn I choose to take. Now, listen mother, and obey me well. I've never met my proud patrician brother yet, and he will not, till the wild and bitter end, learn of the strange relationship that does exist between us; but, when he hears the truth, the blow will fall with double force. Perhaps he thinks from what he knows of you that I am also an adventuress in search of gain. 'Like mother, like child,' so runs the common adage I believe, and it is better for the present he should live in doubt. I'll play my part to pure perfection—never fear—and when the deed is done you can appear upon the stage. See, this will explain all," and she tore a piece of paper from the fly leaf of a costly album on which she traced in pencil marks. The servants have gone out and will be here no more to-night. Destroy this note at a convenient time. Yours,

SUSAN FOSTER."

It was the first time she had ever written her true name, but it was done in a fair round hand, for she had nerve enough had she possessed the power to, hurl a world into chaos—if it interfered with her revenge. "I will attend the door myself, and when I shake him by the hand he'll know my meaning if he possesses half the cunning I have heard" * * * * * * * * * *

Very gallant had Harry Foster been toward handsome Sarah Harvey on this very day, and she began to think that Bradshaw, her adviser, might even be mistaken as to his intentions as regarded her welfare. Spite of her protestations she would cast him from her heart; no girl of seventeen could listen to his sweetly modulated voice accompanied with tender words, that swore fidelity and love, without her pulse beating faster than its usual tone. A brilliant flush o'er spread her lovely cheeks, the while she listened to his rapturous praises of her face and form. He seemed to feel the words he uttered too, and at that hour Harry Foster might have made a proud and glorious career through life if he had simply said, "Dear Sarah Harvey—be my wedded wife." But it was not to be, although she waited eagerly for those sweet words.

For some days past the roue had spoken to her of his aunt and praised her virtues in the highest terms. Her residence in Bond street at the period of our story stood in the most fashionable part of the town, if we except the good old Knickerbocker mansions that looked out upon the bay, not far from Bowling Green. But these have long since passed away—the Dutch have taken Battery place some years ago, and Bond street rates as only in the third rank now. A dreadful sense of murder seems to hover 'round some of its stalliest buildings marked "to let," as if the spirit of the murdered man still lingered there. The wisest prophets of that time could not have dreamed that where an apple orchard bloomed upon Fifth Avenue, in after years would rise up stately mansions whose appearance would evince the highest style of modern art.

Sarah was pleased when he proposed that they should make a visit to his worthy aunt that very night. It was the first time he had ever asked her to visit any of his rich patrician friends, and it looked to her as proof that he thought she was his equal in the scale of good society. She gladly said that in a short half hour she would be ready to avail herself of his kind offer. It seemed long to him, for every minute was an age until he could secure his prize. When she came in announcing she was ready, it was no wonder to young Harry Foster every one admired her charms. Her floating ringlets fell beneath the prettiest, neatest little bonnet in the world. A close bodice of black velvet cut high in the neck set off her lovely rounded form, and tiny buskins were upon her little feet as small as Hebe's, in comparison, when she tripped over her celestial round.

A thrill passed through his frame as he gazed on the numerous charms that he had sworn that night to call his own.

"Will you not wear your cloak, dear Sarah, for the night air may prove chill?" he said, in gentle tones, "I cannot guard too well the one I love so dearly."

"No, Harry," she replied, touched at his regard, "I am a fast walker, and you know this is the month of May."

"Why, so it is," he said as he gave her his arm, "but time, it seems, fleets faster by, since first I did become acquainted with the one I cherish more than life."

Her heart beat fast, her bosom heaved with an emotion that she strove in vain to hide. He knew, whatever Bradshaw might have said, that he had never ceased to live in her sweet memory since the hour that they had become acquainted at her mother's house.

Many were the quaint remarks made by the young sports of the day who noticed the appearance that the young and handsome couple made as they walked up Broadway. At the corner of Canal then stood a small hotel where sporting men resorted at the time of which we write. The old stone bridge that spanned the street was then considered a fine, if not superior, work of art. The current that it crossed stretched from the Collect Bond, (where John Fitch time honored as the first inventor of the steamboat in the western world, first tried his glorious plan), down to the Hudson's tide, and oranges, bananas, and pine apples, with all other kinds of fruit, were brought in skiffs by hucksters, to Broadway.

As Sarah and her beloved crossed the bridge, one of the sports there congregated said, "How old's your horse," to which another made reply. "How are you mister with your head stall off." "Sharp as a twist my buckey shillandy," and thus they kept up the slang language of the day, until the lovers were out of hearing.

A few minutes later, and they turned into Bond street, and Harry stopped at the door of a large brick mansion where he said his pious aunt resided. The neighborhood was so respectable that Sarah Harvey felt no qualm of fear as he pulled at the bell; her only thought was how to act with ease and grace before his rich patrician relative.

Susan Paine was on the instant at the door, and he, expecting some one else, was *non plussed* for a moment. But she, with looks of pleasure, said "Why cousin Harry, is it you?" and grasped him by the hand. She, in the movement, passed to him the note that she had written on the fly leaf of her album, but he already had his cue, and gave the proper introduction in due form.

The temptress ushered them into the parlor and then excused herself that she would call her mother from another room, after she had laid aside Miss Sarah Harvey's things.

"How do you like the picture?" exclaimed Harry to the lovely girl, as she fixed her gaze upon a large oil painting hanging on the wall. "They say that is a real Titian, and cost my aunt a thousand dollars."

This riveted the maiden's gaze, and he embraced the opportunity to read the note of Susan Paine, who soon returned and made her guests so welcome with the friendly manner she displayed, that Sarah thought that she before had never met so good and amiable a girl. Harry himself was much astonished at the course that things had taken, but he had tact to hide it, and it little mattered to the hardened roue how he should gain his ends if he but won the prize at last. Susy said that her mother had gone out, but no doubt would be shortly back; and, while she feared her visitors would not like the dull retirement in which they lived, Susy would strive to make them welcome 'till she did return.

An hour passed by in which Miss Susan Paine engrossed much of the conversation, and entertained her guests in such a way that no one present could have thought that she had sworn eternal enmity against the world. What would the roue have said or done had he but known that she, the pimp and panderer to his evil plot, was his own sister leveled to the lowest rank of crime!

His spurious aunt stayed long, and when the hour waxed late, Miss Paine proposed they should partake of some cake and wine.

The wine was tinctured with the fatal drug that was to prove the down fall of the lovely girl. The glasses were brought forth, and the arch temptress filled them to the brim. The eyes of Harry Foster sparkled fire, while the demon who dealt the fatal draught of sin and shame, looked placidly upon the victim offered at the shrine of lust. It was a deed for fiends of hell to laugh at then. The pure girl raised the foul libation to her lips; the black betrayer and the temptress did the same; but, not one single drop they tasted, while she drained hers at a draught.

And then a strange and fearful scene took place, for Sarah Harvey, while a stream of fire like unto molten lead seemed quivering through all her veins, fell to the floor and uttered shriek on shriek of agony and pain.

"By G—d we've gone too far," said Harry thoroughly alarmed, "suppose I call for help. I did not dream it would result like this—what if the girl should die?"

"Better a hundred times it were so than the life that she is doomed to lead from this time forth," said Susan Paine, "but never fear—see, she revives, and, while her brain is turned, she will be happy in the bliss of ignorance 'till to-morrow's dawn."

"How know you such will be the case?"

"It is the way that I was won," said Susan, bitterly, "and I have tried the test."

As if to prove the truth of what Susan Paine had said, the poor girl ceased to shriek, and rose up on her feet, but she looked vacantly around, pale as a sheeted corpse, and only one word—"Mother!" quivered from her pallid lips.

If Harry Foster at that moment could have taken back all his participation in the vile plot to ruin the poor girl, he would have done so, if it cost him half his estate; but now the Rubicon of crime was past, and it was like repentance when beyond the grave.

"There is your prize," exclaimed the temptress, with a mocking laugh; "the bridal chamber is prepared, and no one here will interfere with you or yours until to-morrow."

"Are you a woman, or a devil in disguise?" he said, "for if you are the former, few can match you on this earth. Bid some one call a carriage, till I send Miss Harvey to her home. Rake, roue, libertine as I may be, I will not win her in this way. I should disgrace the name of man."

"Do so, and when to-morrow dawns, spite of your boasted wealth, not all the lawyers of New-York can save you from the prison cell. When she is yours, she has such spirit that she will seek to hide her shame. Your wealth will make amends; but, let this opportunity pass by, her virtue still preserved, the tale of this night's wrong will soon be blazoned forth to all the world; and, should you break the meshes of the law, you will walk forth like Cain, with branded brow."

Again that moan of agony from Sarah Harvey's pallid lips—"Mother!"

The bridal chamber waits.

"Do with me as you will. I can't sink deeper in the fiery pit than I am now, and Sarah Harvey must be mine."

* * * * * * * * * * * *

The unconscious girl is slumbering on the bed of shame; the guardian angel of her destiny has fled the room, and she is in the fell destroyer's power.

He gloats upon his prize like lustful Tarquin, when, forgetting manhood's name, he forced the chaste Lucretia to his evil love.

Sarah's hair is strewn in golden ringlets on the snowy pillow of the bed, and with a half awakened thought of consciousness, she strives to hide her heaving bosom from his ardent gaze. She knows him not. He is a sort of hideous nightmare in her bewildering dream, and even now she thinks that she could break the fearful spell if she could only shriek out "Mother!" once again.

Alas, poor Sarah Harvey, thou art lost beyond the pale of hope, with thy bright smile and winning ways, in this life. Mother, Home, Heaven—those three words—the sweetest that our language knows—to thee will have a bitter meaning till the hour of death draws nigh. But then, thy guardian angel may return to bear thee to a better world, and kindly hearts will rear this tablet to thy name—"Ye who are sinless cast the stone of scorn at her who suffered much." Demon, pause not, but let the crime of murder now complete thy horrid act. Ye did not shrink to tear away the flimsy veil that hid her countless charms. Thy wanton hands have toyed with her wild-heaving breast, and parted back the silken ringlets of her golden hair. Thy kisses rain like lava on her ruby lips, and—and—and—*the devil and black midnight know the rest.*

When mornining's light shone in the room, fair Sarah Harvey lay on Harry Foster's arm. A smile of triumph played upon his lip, and he did not regret the evil deed that he had done. He quieted his conscience with the thought that, by fair means or foul, he was now owner of the loveliest maiden in New-York, and thought of her as of a favorite horse or hound—something to minister to his unholy pleasure—that with his store of boundless wealth he might barter for, or buy and sell.

She did not realize her situation when she first awoke, but gazed around the room like one just awaking from a wild and fearful dream. The baneful drug's effect soon passed away; the trance-like spell in which her senses had been bound, was broken as she gazed upon the fell destroyer smiling by her side.

She knew her situation in a moment then, and, like a maniac, she sprang from the unhallowed bed of shame. She tore her hair, and wrung her hands; and Harry Foster, hardened villain as he was, feared she might rouse the curiosity of those who passed the house. He promised every thing, gold, jewels, an estate to rival any heiress in the city of New York. At length she listened to his words, but 'twas with listless apathy, as if her very soul was fettered with despair. A single plank was on the sea of agony to which she clung; that failing, all was lost, and she must sink forever, never more to rise.

"Harry Foster, make me your wife."

"I'll give you all that you can ask excepting that. I've said so half a dozen times—the thing that you require is impossible—my rich relations and friends——"

"Friends—relations," she exclaimed with bitter agony, "they cannot have as close a link with thee as I have now. Make me thy wife, and if thy riches flee on wings away and thou shouldst fall to be the veriest beggar, and an outcast without home or friends, I'll work and toil and drudge for thee until the day I die. Say but the word—'I do repent the outrage I have done,' and Sarah Harvey is the happiest of womankind. But, leave me to the wreck of shame to which I now am cast, and I most surely will become a by-word and a thing of scorn—a leper and pariah for my sex to shun—a disgrace to the name of woman—lofty in her attributes of virtue, innocence and truth."

"I'll lavish thousands on you, Sarah, but you never can become my wife. What would my friends and high connections say if I should wed with one so lowly in the rank of life? But, all things else that you can ask I will perform—jewels, rich dresses—an establishment that few can equal though they were the loftiest in the land. Now, dry thy pretty eyes, and let no wrinkle mar thy fair and lovely brow. The past can never be recalled—live for the future—happy, joyous, merry, free, the gayest girl that New York city boasts."

His cold and unfeeling words aroused all the slumbering energy of Sarah Harvey's mind. She reviewed, as in a glass, the various plans he had pursued to lure her on to ruin. Lost, degraded, as she was, she felt within her inmost heart it was no fault of her's; and more, that she would take a dark but justifiable revenge upon the man who brought her to the gates of misery and woe.

He watched her closely while she seemed to ponder on her wrongs and weigh them well against the promises he made, and felt rejoiced to see a smile like summer sunshine gleam upon her lovely face again. He thought that he had easily won the game; but, had he known the real meaning of that smile, he would have quailed and groveled in the dust to beg her pardon for the dreadful outrage he had done.

"I shall have gold, jewels, and an establishment," she said. "Well, be it so. The wrong that you have done me cannot now be helped. Since you prefer me as your mistress, not your wife, I will be sure to make you proud of deeds I will enact."

"I'm glad to hear you reason thus, my love; the marriage rite is only legal prostitution, and a free, unfettered heart can reach the highest pinnacle of earthly bliss. Be mine in this untrammeled way, and I will grant you all that the fairest maiden in New-York can ask."

"My mind's made up. Harry, the first thing I require is the mortgage that you hold upon my mother's house."

"Here is the document," he said, taking a paper from his wallet and handing it to her with the remark, "It's only for a thousand dollars, and the one I love so dear may be assured that under any circumstances I would not have claimed the bill."

"I do believe you, Harry dear," she said, and now her voice was modulated clear and calm. "No mother ever loved a daughter dearer than—enough of that—I would not have her think her daughter's virtue had been purchased for a sum of gold that towered to the stars. Here, take it back; your own hand must return it in some generous way that seems both plausible and just."

"It shall be as you wish; and now, dearest, what else do you require?"

"A check upon your banker for ten times the above amount, and when 'tis gone, the sum must be repeated o'er and o'er again. I would have proved a pure, virtuous, and loving wife, but you propose that I shall be your 'mistress' and I have no other choice, and, now that I am forced to play the part, the land must ring with Sarah Harvey's name. Where is the girl I saw last night? She called you cousin. Is she a relation, or a mere panderer to Harry Foster's plot!"

"Upon my life, I never met her until I saw her at the door. Cousin indeed! But Sarah, all is fair in love, and I, who never stop to count the cost to gratify my whims, would just as soon have passed her on you for *my sister* at the time."

"Who was the one that you expected to receive us, then?"

"The wrinkled fortune teller of Monroe street, whom I bribed to aid me in my scheme. I have not left a stone unturned till I could call sweet Sarah Harvey mine, and while praying forgiveness for the deed that I have done, as black as it may seem, I'd do the self-same act again, to win one peerless as you are in countless charms, and in atonement lay my fortune at her feet, and swear to love and cherish her until the hour of death—"

"Till death?"

"Aye, true as there's a heaven above us and an earth beneath. No marriage, but eternal and unalterable dreams of love."

"Kiss me, Harry; I forgive you. Soul and body, I am yours."

The glow was on her lovely cheek—her blue eyes sparkled not with hate. As he had played on her she played on him; but, while she sweetly smiled, and gave him wanton kiss for kiss, the fires of Vesuvius were scorching her young heart, wherein once had bloomed an oasis of purity and truth, but where now the withering simoon of his baneful love had laid all desolate and bare.

They left the house of shame quite unobserved by all save one, and that was Susan Paine, hid in the shadows of the hall.

Was she a maniac, or something worse? For, when they passed the portals of the door, she hissed through her set teeth, "Toads and serpents. My proud patrician brother is upon the downward road—down—forever down."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A CUSTOM IN SIAM.—Among the charming customs of the Siamese people is one which will particularly commend itself to people who hate children and are bothered by noisy boys. Homicide, in Siam, is punishable at a regular tariff of prices. Thus, the penalty for killing a babe of from one to three months is 6 "ticul," or about $3.50; for a child of four years, about $10; for a boy of 15, about $15; and for a man between 26 and 40, nearly $30. Beyond the age of forty years the penalties decrease, so that it is no more expensive to kill an old man from 86 to 90 years, than an infant of two months. Women are killed at two-thirds of the rates for males. Another pleasing custom is that which allows a man to hire out his wife to his creditor as a slave, and thus cancel his debt by means of her toil.

WHY is a dull and plausible man like an unrifled gun? Because he is a smooth bore.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

STUDENT, New Haven.—1. The term "sand bag" need not be literally fulfilled while preparing a bag that is to be slung up for "hitting practice" in pugilism. The bag itself should be made or good and stout cotton duck, and the filling should be made up of charged with any substances the trainer may direct or the boxer prefer. Sand would soon blind the striker, and sawdust might put him in the notion for drink. Where economy is of no importance, pine shavings should first fill the bag; then, take a board or cart rung, and insert it down the middle of the shavings; then, slowly add some large raw potatoes until this middle mass is coated, as it were, with the outside covering of shavings, and this of course bulges the bag out to its utmost capacity. Withdraw the centre board, and cram in more of the "murphies." 2. The weight should be about five or ten pounds more than that of the intended antagonist. 3. The top part of the slings should be of iron, like those for the flying rings in a gymnasium.

DINWIDDE, Toronto.—Our opinion is, that Sayers' challenge was more of an advertising dodge for his circus than anything else, for he knew at the time he issued it that he could not enter the ring again as principal without the probable loss of his annuity. This is corroborated by the proceedings at Owen Swift's, when the three champions met, and when Sayers and Mace put up money for a fight. Sayers was slightly under the influence of liquor at the time, and when he was recalled to his senses by the caution of Swift, Tom asked permission to draw his money, which Mace, to his credit be it said, granted. No, Sayers, according to all accounts, cannot well enter into a match now; he is said to be under an engagement to take his circus to Australia; and besides, the conditions upon which the fund was donated, make it a losing game for him, even should he fight and win.

JAEM, Washington, D. C.—1. Morrissey offered to fight Heenan provided the latter went to England to fight Sayers. Heenan did not challenge Morrissey after the international fight, and that is one reason, we presume, that the two did not come together again. 2. The challenge you refer to, was not issued by Morrissey, but was gotten up by some party, without his knowledge. His, Morrissey's friends, did not consider it necessary for Morrissey to challenge Heenan after his return, for they supposed the latter would take an early opportunity to claim the meeting which Morrissey had promised to give him, in the event of Heenan's fighting Sayers.

N. B. K.—"In playing four-handed Euchre, one party cries out 'alone;' while one of the opposite party says 'I'll play it alone against you.' Now the question is, if the latter player takes three tricks, does he make four points, or merely euchre the lone hand, and score two points, as in a single-handed game?".....1. If the party who first cried out "alone," made the trump, or took it up, the opposing party can only score two points for the euchre. We hold that only the player who makes the trump, orders it up, or takes it up, can go alone. 2. No.

AN IRISHMAN, Montezuma, Ind.—1. Jem Ward and Simon Byrne only opposed each other in the P. R., once. 2. Heenan, in the first round of his fight with Morrissey, in endeavoring to get in his left on Morrissey's head, which the latter avoided, struck one of the posts with tremendous force, which by no means increased his chances for victory.

JOHN THOMPSON, Rockford, Ill.—1. They danced for endurance of time. 2. Address Edgar Morphy & Co., 81 Nassau street, N. Y. 3. We cannot tell what may be "considered" best. T. J. Peel now stands as champion. 4. The steps are left to the performer, and his general guide is the bars measured in the music. 5. No rule but propriety.

W. C., Waltham, Mass.—A's cards gave him the game, no matter how B might have played. He, B could not say what cards A shall play, or "call Jack," as you term it. A, in showing his hand, merely wished to save time, we presume, and his opponent cannot claim what his cards cannot win.

RINALDO, Baltimore.—Freeman, the American Giant, only fought the Tipton Slasher, after his arrival in England. The fight with the Slasher was interrupted several times, and the contest was renewed at subsequent dates; this may have given rise to the supposition that he had fought several pugilists in England.

SCOTLAND.—1. The fastest single mile time ever made in this country was four minutes and thirty-six seconds, by WM. Freestone, better known as Barlow. 2. The American Deer was born in London. His name is Wm. Howitt.

JUSTICE, St. Louis.—As some time has elapsed since the matters referred to are supposed to have transpired, we will let the subject drop for the present. We shall be glad to have those articles to look over, when you have the leisure to write them.

BURNT CORK, N. Y.—1. Dan Bryant performed with Charley White, at his Melodeon in the Bowery; also, with the "Old Campbell Minstrels" before opening at Mechanic's Hall, where, with his brother Neil, he now is. 2. Eph Horn is about 42 years of age.

A. G. F., Philadelphia.—1. His height is about 5 ft 10 inches, and his weight, in the neighborhood of 150 lbs., we are informed. 2. Messrs. Hyer and Cusick are in New York, attending to business.

INQUISITIVE, Hamilton, O.—1. John Cooper Vail was born at Liberty Corners, N. J. His profession is literary. 2. We are not informed. 3. Harry and Johnny Lazarus were born in England.

DAMON, Troy, N. Y.—The overcharge is beyond our control, the CLIPPER being subject to the laws and customs of trade like any other article of merchandise.

A CHICAGO SUBSCRIBER.—1. Hyer never fought after his battle with Sullivan. 2. In the match between Sullivan and Morrissey, the battle money was awarded to the latter.

FARADAY, Salem, N. J.—The quotation—"There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow"—is not to be found in the Bible. It is from Shakespeare's Hamlet.

S. S.—Robert Hales, the Norfolk Giant, was in this country in 1849 and 1850. His height at that time was seven feet six inches; weight, 462 lbs. He was born in England.

H. J. N., Buffalo.—We shall be pleased to peruse the MSS. Written on one side would be preferable. Your "explanation" is quite satisfactory.

C. M. W., Ann Arbor, Mich.—We could not accede to your request under any consideration, as it would be a breach of faith, on our part.

J. D., Maltby House, Baltimore.—John Brougham's "Playing With Fire" was first produced in England, at the Princess's, London.

SUBSCRIBER.—1. No. 2. It would depend altogether on the intention of the perpetrator, whether such an act should be deemed an insult or not.

PORTLAND.—Sayers did not receive the original belt. He was presented with a *fac simile*. The original is now in the possession of Jem Mace.

AN OLD READER, N. Y.—Correspond with O. A. Roorbach, whose advertisement is in the theatrical columns of this paper.

MCCLELLAN.—1. You appear to know as much or more of the lady than we do. 2. Paper sent.

MASTER WALTER.—See advertisement of the Nonpareil Dramatic Association in our theatrical columns.

H. A., Hartford, Ct.—Drop a line to some one of the book sellers who advertise in our columns.

SPRAINED ANCLE, Camp Hamilton.—We have always taken the ground that where a partner assists, you cannot play it alone.

K. B., Portsmouth, N. H.—1. Sayers was beaten by Nat Langham. 2. Jack Randall was never defeated in the prize ring.

OLD TIMES, Detroit.—See our London letter. The Boy is now with Howes & Cushing's Circus.

UTILITY, Boston.—Patronise a first class Doctor and none other; any other course might result in lasting injury to yourself.

CONSTANT READER, N, Y.—An advertising agency could give you the information, probably.

CLA. CHR., New York.—Call at this office, we have a paper, etc., for you.

J. C. E., Potter's Hill.—1. Wm. King is the gentlemen's name. 2. Cannot say.

C., AND I., Detroit.—Alexander Hamilton was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr.

FIVES BOY.—For an assault on a police officer.

SHOEMAKER.—Two dollars fifty cents and the boots.

GYMNASTICS.—We cannot give you the date.

A. C. A., Troy, N. Y.—The ladies are not related.

J. BURTON, Cairo.—Mr. Sothern is now in London.

BETA, Philadelphia.—Wm. E. Burton, comedian, is dead.

S., Baltimore.—Forrest was born in Philadelphia.

H. C. W., New York.—What is your address?

THE NEW YORK STATE SPORTSMEN'S CLUB will hold their annual convention at Rochester on Tuesday, June 17. The officers for the year are: C. H. Haswell, of New York, President; C. W. Hutchinson, of Utica, and John Hayward, Jr., of Rochester, Vice Presidents; Charles E. Whitehead, of New York, and Geo. Dawson, of Albany, Secretaries. A committee of arrangements has been appointed to report to an adjourned meeting on Thursday, May 15. A large number of sports are expected to take part in the next meeting, and a good time generally is expected.

STEAM FIRE ENGINE TRIAL.—From Fortress Monroe we learn that a trial of the powers of Hibernia steam engine, of Philadelphia, and No. 1 steamer, of Baltimore, recently took place at the Fortress, and that the Hibernia's stream reached about twenty-five feet higher than that of the Baltimore apparatus.

THE CONCERT-SALOON IMBROGLIO.

THE present Quixotic attack upon the music halls, concert saloons, or any place where "pretty waiter-girls" may possibly appear, furnishes a comical chapter in the governmental history of our city. What a clash of conflicting interests! Temporary triumph of the "pure and undefiled," and of course unselfish, originators! Accidental but insidiously permanent loss by some of the aforesaid originators, in consequence of getting more law than they bargained for! Actual gain of legal importance for the cold-water fanatics! And "That's all!" as a Frenchman might say, if he knew enough of our lingo to "exploit himself" with "Dat's what's de matter!" We venture to call the present "movement cure" by the name of Quixotic, leaving the public to say how far it may be considered as despotic. That it is Quixotic may be fairly inferred from the fact that the State and municipal authorities, combined as they now are in our Metropolitan Police, have not been able to remove, or in the slightest degree diminish, the gambling houses and mock-auction shops which yet infest our principal thoroughfares. When some signs of amelioration in *such* institutions, (which generally stand confessed as somewhat obnoxious to public censure,) can be perceived, then—and not till then—shall we begin to believe that the Police authorities might be successful in interfering with places of public amusement which may—or may not—happen to be always in the hands of respectable parties. These remarks are not intended to disparage our Metropolitan Police, but simply to show that all the attempts of village tyrants to legislate on the municipal affairs of a large and cosmopolitan city, must inevitably fail in practical execution. There is an old saying that—"The fools are not all dead yet;" and, while our city continues to receive such large accessions, by rail or boat, almost every hour of the day, of the "living proofs" of the truth in the aforesaid saying, it is a little too bad for bumpkin members of the legislature to roll up their eyes at the (implied) wickedness of such cities as New York. This, however, we could well afford to laugh at, as one of the usual signs of pharisaical superiority; but, when those village philosophers undertake to dictate our degrees or locations of amusement, it is time for good citizens and all reasonable men to inquire how our constitutional rights have become perverted into unconstitutional fetters, making freemen appear almost like felons. Special legislation is not needed on such subjects. Any city-bred young man or young woman knows how to "navigate" in all our principal thoroughfares. Persons not brought up in cities, generally have a city companion when they go to our places of amusement. But, unfortunately, we have many visitors who seem to be all the time proclaiming, wherever they go—

"I am a young man from the country,
But you don't get over me."

Now, these "extra smart" people are the very folks who continually get into some scrape or other every time they visit us, and almost always come to grief whenever they "go to York." The idea of legislating on such a matter as this is about as ridiculous, practically, as passing a law to tell us when the ladies shall sob, or cough, or use a handkerchief for regulating the moisture in their dear little eyes, during a tragedy, or when the gentlemen may explode into roars of laughter during some comic business. We have the highest possible respect for our legislative friends who usually shine up in Albany, especially since they had one of the editorial brotherhood for Speaker of the House of Assembly; but, the fact is, "here is where the laugh comes in" with all such prohibitive legislation. It reminds us of Tony Lumpkin's "terrific ride" with the old folks in Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquor," when, in truth, Tony had not been off a five-acre homestead all the while—but his whip was almost worn out with *flogging something*. Those summary and sumptuary laws which are every now and then hurled forth by the blind rage of fanaticism, "to take effect immediately" in reforming human nature and putting the world to rights, are very much like Tony Lumpkin's whip—they wear themselves out with flogging something. Harry Placide can play Tony Lumpkin—he can. Such a whip as he used to exhibit after that "terrific ride" would leave the Postillion of Lonjumeau no where on the road. It was quite evident that Tony Lumpkin had been flogging something—but, what?—aye, there is the dif-fic-ulty to be found out. In the same way, Falstaff hacks his sword for "one whole hour by Shrewsbury clock;" but, how many of the enemy the valiant knight had slain, doth not appear in the text of Shakespeare. In a similar manner, the fine wit of Shakespeare and the philosophical humor of Goldsmith, will, in all probability, be verified and confirmed by the new law in relation to concert saloons. This last scheme of dictation and oppression may become an engine for official black-mailing; it may serve the purpose of opening the eyes of our citizens to the qualification of our lawgivers; but, it will be almost certain to wear itself out with flogging something. The question next arises as to whether American citizens are willing to pay for the "wear and tear" of such whips. We are willing to pay our fiddlers, but how long we may remain crazy enough to pay our whippers remains to be seen. That the recent law mainly originated with the most corrupt and dangerous classes among our city population need not be questioned. Grown rich upon the wages of infamy, many among these classes consider all visiting strangers as their own peculiar victims, and calculate to make them "pay for their education" liberally and well. The idea of cheap amusements, easily accessible to or easily quitted by, all classes, at any convenient hour of the afternoon or evening, was not to be endured—anything cheap, or at all "on the Canal Street plan," was to be frowned down. Frowning could not do it. Then the cry of "immorality" was raised. This is a pretty good joke, considering the parties who raised it, for the "pretty waiter-girls" are the real bone of contention. A pretty affair all round. Those poor women must be got rid of, somehow, it seems, by the pious saints. So we go.

END OF THE WORLD.—Isn't it a little singular that those papers which have so strongly denounced our cheap places of amusement, should come to grief so soon themselves. No papers have been so bitter against our concert halls as the *Daily Times*, and the *World*, and probably no dailies in the city have suffered more of late than those two journals. The "little villain" of the *Times* is "bobbing around," now in Albany, now here, now in Washington, "seeking whom he may devour," or ring in to the support of his sympathetic journal; and the last we heard of him located the youthful "villain" in a smash up on a rail road. Where next he will fetch up, it is hard to say. The *World*, after coming it over the "moral reformers," through the pious dodge, turns up an advocate for our "bleeding country," and assists in bleeding it to the tune of many thousands of dollars, "contracted" for at an early stage of the disease. And now, having used the Church and State to answer its ends, having pitched into cheap places of amusement, and rung the knell of concert halls, as it supposed, it is ready to lie down and die; or in other words, it is to try the "Democratic lay," and this will probably be the end of the *World*. So mote it be.

WARE SNAKES.—Some sickly paper here has been particularly attentive to a hatching process supposed to be going on at the Zoological Gardens, London. The "great Python" has been steadily kept on its eggs, by our contemporary, and great things were promised as the result of this "dreadful lay." The serpent had been thirty-two weeks hatching, and our neighbor has been almost the same length of time superintending, on paper, the bringing into the world of the little snakes; but all for naught. There was nothing in the eggs, or, if they *did* contain anything, the serpent, or "great Python," didn't know how to work out the problem. Suppose our neighbor tries it. If the eggs are *good* eggs, he might hatch out something. Let *our* "great Python" try it on.

BACKSLIDING.—Our rebellious brethern of the South, notwithstanding Yorktown was the spot of their own choosing on which to meet the "mud-sills" of the North in battle array, have again incontinently backed out, and at last accounts were on their way back to Richmond as fast as their legs could carry them, with a part of General McClellan's army on their track, and rather uncomfortably close on their heels. Where and when they will face the music of Federal artillery, etc., remains to be seen. The "anaconda" or McClellan's "big shnake" is gradually encircling them, however, so that eventually and before long, they must fight or haul down their colors.

OUT OF SORTS.—A sickly contemporary was somewhat out of sorts last week, because the CLIPPER had forestalled it a couple of days in publishing the news of Heenan's arrival in England. Our neighbor should not let such things annoy it so greatly—it must learn to take the world as it finds it—incessant worrying will never do: it only makes the patient feel ten times worse than he otherwise would feel; to be sure, we must make some little allowance for the feverish condition of our fretful neighbor, whose pulse beats very unevenly just now, the result, no doubt, of "the war." If Heenan sees proper to choose the CLIPPER as his organ now, as he did in 1860, it must be owing to the fact that he considers it more "healthy" to confide his affairs to those who proved friends in adversity, than to trust those who opposed him in the International Match, and who only "turned the corner" when the Boy had won the fight at Farnborough, and when it was known that all America would resound with his praises. While the sound and healthy CLIPPER was supporting the Boy when it was a church to a hen house in favor of Sayers: while the CLIPPER was raising means to help the Boy along at a time when he had fingered his last dollar: when the CLIPPER stood up for the son of Benicia in the face of every opposition: then it was that our "sickly neighbor" did everything in its power to crush Heenan, to place him in the worst light possible with the English people, and to connive with certain parties to beat him out of the fight. Thus acted our superannuated contemporary against the young American, who was battling for his rights in a strange country. But the little CLIPPER shielded him from his enemies at home and abroad; it furnished him with sinews of war to carry on the conflict, and gave him such encouragement as enabled him to prove the invincibility of the American character. Our debilitated contemporary was only brought to his senses when Heenan was "clearing the ring," and *then* he feebly raised his voice to save himself from that punishment which he so well merited. And now, the poor fellow whines like a whipped cur because we once more "head him," and give reliable intelligence in advance of all others, notwithstanding our neighbor *imagined* he had received a letter from Heenan. When Heenan has important news to communicate, it will be given to our London correspondents, and when *we* advertise a "letter from Heenan," our readers may rest assured that such a letter may be found in the CLIPPER. Heenan is not in need, *now*, so our feverish neighbor thinks it a safe thing to freeze on to him, and thereby attempt to keep above water a little while longer. We could forgive the patient if he were not so irritable and fussy; we know he is not "iron clad," and cannot stand the wear and tear of a war campaign; but we cannot see that he is to better himself by grumbling, and finding fault with those whose constitution is stronger, and better suited to bear the brunt of battle. Try and overcome this despondency, and hope for better times in the future. Our debilitated contemporary should bear in mind that truism which says, "where there's life, there's hope."

RACING.—The signs are not every encouraging for those race meetings of which there was some little talk a while ago. Trotting is more popular at the North than racing, yet we notice that the opening of the trotting season, on the 30th ult., turned out to be a most lamentable failure. Now, if trotting fails to attract the people, what success can there be expected in regard to racing; which, at the best, is not much relished hereaway, owing, in a measure, to the repeated disappointments the public meet with at the hands of those who mismanage such affairs. Efforts are said to be making to get up a programme for a meeting at Philadelphia, but we cannot see that the chances are very clear for a successful gathering. The citizens of Philadelphia have other matters to attend to just now than racing, and it is not likely that an interest can be awakened in that city sufficient to induce the people to attend the race track, even if they were satisfied that there would not be the usual turf disappointments. They have had promises held forth to them, time and again, of brilliant races by some of the best horses in the country, but almost invariably some disappointment has been announced at the last moment, so that they have lost all confidence in turf transactions, and refuse any longer to be a party to money-making speculations for the benefit of a few "operators" in the ring. We cannot say that they are wrong in taking this view of the case, for certainly the turf has sadly degenerated of late years through the frauds practiced upon the credulity of a confiding people. Another meeting is promised for New York, but, as we before remarked, we cannot see that the prospects are at all cheering concerning its success. Trotting, in these war times, is but little cared for, and racing still less. Everything is against the speculation, and though a few interested parties may attempt to bolster it up, we do not believe that it will amount to anything. The movement, however, properly conducted, *may* be made the groundwork for something better when peace shall have been declared.

TROTTING SEASON OPENED.—On Wednesday, April 30th, the trotting season on Long Island commenced, at the Fashion Course; and notwithstanding the weather was all that could be desired, there was scarcely a "corporal's guard" present to witness the sport. Nobody seemed to be aware that there was to be any trotting, for the manager does not appear to have taken any pains to bring the opening to the notice of the public. The opening day, therefore, may be looked upon as a great failure, and quite a bill of expenses will have to be footed by some one. The proprietor of the Course must have looked for a large attendance, for he had everything prepared for the "entertainment of man and horse," but very few availed themselves of the opportunity offered them to "refresh and pay, and travel on." The trot might as well not have taken place, for it was a miserable affair, without the least degree of interest attached to it. Four horses were advertised to take part; but one did the work, the others being withdrawn, or making no show. We fear that the failure of this initial performance will have a depressing effect upon the remainder of the series, the second of which takes place this week.

"TWA BONIFACES."—Mr. Henry Sharp, one of the leading cricketers of New York, and for a long time President of the New York Club, and Mr. Norton, late of Wallack's Theatre, have conjointly taken the "House of Lords" in Houston street, just east of Broadway, mine host, James Howell, having surrendered its interests into their hands for safe keeping. From the wide spread popularity of the two gentlemen, we have not the slightest doubt that it will continue to prosper, and their ability to "keep a hotel" will not be gainsayed. Edibles, bibibles and puffables of quality A No. 1, will there be found, and with two such merry, affable and courteous gentlemen as caterers, we know of no better place for a man to visit, to laugh and grow fat. "Merry days."

WHEELING INTO LINE.—New Orleans having supped full of horrors, under rebel rule, has thrown off the yoke of tyranny, and enrolled herself once more under the bright folds of the stars and the stripes. The Union feeling that has been smouldering in the Crescent City since the war broke out, needed but the presence of our flag before the city to fan the embers into a flame that should consume the demon of rebellion. "Our flag is there, they hail it with their loud huzzas," and the great commercial city of New Orleans wheels into line, and once again flourishes under the Constitution and Laws of the United States. Three cheers, and an elephant.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—On the evening of the 2d inst., Mr. Lorenzo de Angelis, well known as a pleasant gentleman among our city functionaries, was waited upon at his domestic institution, No. 24 Seventh Avenue, by a party of friends, laden with all the requisites for a game supper, and a good time, of the impromptu order, was the result. During the festivities of the evening, the special errand of his friends was made known, who, in terms of cordial congratulation on his being appointed as Deputy Sheriff, presented him with a fine gold badge, emblematical of his office, and suitably inscribed. His reply was pithy and to the point, and conveyed his thanks in a heartfelt manner. After laughing and quaffing for a time, his gentlemen friends took their departure in the best of humor possible.

DEATH ON THE DOGS.—All dogs found running the streets, unmuzzled, from and after the present time, are liable to be killed. Owners of canines will shape their course accordingly.

HEENAN IN ENGLAND.

HIS RETURN FROM PARIS TO LONDON.

Commencing Operations with Howes & Cushing's Circus.

What of the Proposed Match?

JOHN C. HEENAN having returned from Paris to London on the 15th ult., at once completed his preparations for joining Howes & Cushing's Circus, and was announced to make his first appearance with that concern, on the 17th of April, at Wolverhampton, and so on through the provincial towns of Great Britain.

At present it is not the Boy's intention to enter into a pugilistic match, but at the close of the circus season, our correspondent informs us, he will accommodate the champion with a meeting, should Mace feel disposed that way. It is also said that he will fight Mace without regard to the belt, or the honors attached thereto, in accordance with the suggestion of the CLIPPER a few weeks since. This is well. We should certainly prefer to have the belt thrown aside altogether, than to permit it to be the cause of a termination to a match similar to that which attended the fight at Farnborough. Although it is pretty well known in England that Heenan does not mean to enter the pugilistic lists at present, yet his movements are closely watched, and the opinion is general that he will not return to America without having another trial in the fistic arena of England. The following letter from our London correspondent, "Ned James," will give our readers intelligence of the latest movements of the Benicia Boy:

LONDON, Wednesday, April 16th.

DEAR FRANK—On Mr. John C. Heenan's return from Paris yesterday, I called at his hotel in Lisle street, Leicester Square, according to invitation. I may here state that neither his brother James nor Jack Macdonald accompanied him on this trip—he was the guest of Captain Young, owner of the fastest clipper ship afloat. At the New York Hotel a constellation of talent were holding a social levee, with "Gentleman John" in the chair: present, Messrs. Newcombe, Reynolds, Pender, Fillinan, Burton, and several others unknown to me. All sorts of anecdotes and reminiscences were told, principally relating to negro minstrelsy and show business. George Pender, for many years landlord of Florence's Hotel on Broadway, now at Astley's Amphitheatre, "talked elephant" and of his experience in Ireland; Beirel Reynolds held forth on flip-flaps, double somersaults and other saults with an enthusiasm quite astonishing for one going on for forty; Newcombe, of Rumsey & Newcombe's Minstrels, stated that for five months the company made barrels of money, but of late things had been decidedly checkered; Billy Burton, of Christys, had all his work cut out and his hands full, for the Christys have been playing at two places every night for some time—at a theatre on Whitechapel Road, and Polygraphic Hall; and Fillman thought a darned sight if he didn't say much. At about five o'clock little Billy Armstrong ("Pretty Billy" as the ballet girls call him), made his appearance on the scene, like Hamlet's Ghost; he had only arrived from New York last Monday in the Glasgow: and without a soul ever dreaming but that Billy was still doing trick acts at Stickney's Circus, Bowery, he dropped right in among a host of brother-spangles whom he hadn't seen for years. He brought the latest intelligence from home, of course, and told of deaths, births, and marriages among the profession, to the eager listeners, who expressed commingled joy or sorrow as one man, and I never saw such universal sympathy for a brother's misfortunes, or pleasure at his success as among the Champion's friends here assembled. Billy being in the ring, knows a thing or two, he hinted that $30,000 Nutt was coming here, Dave Reed, the Hanlons, with a dozen other celebrities. As he brought several letters of introduction, it is next to a certainty Billy will be engaged by Messrs. Howes & Cushing to travel with the show, and share the honors with John C. Heenan and brother James, Wallet, the Queen's Jester, Female Blondin, Rocky Mountain Wonders, and a dozen other stars.

To set at rest all anxiety about the Boy's second visit here, I have it from his own lips that there will positively be no match made inside of six months, from the fact that he is engaged at a magnificent salary, more than double what he had before, for half a year, beginning to-morrow, 17th, with the prospect of re-engagement for a year or more, providing all things keep serene. This will pay him better than fighting, even were another "International" premeditated; of the way things have been conducted lately in regulating fights, enough has been written in the English sporting press to give Americans an idea whether or no a fight between Heenan and Mace could ever be pulled off; now-a-days there's such a preponderance of roughs and "guns," bound not to loose if they cannot win, that it's worth more than a paltry £200 to risk going into the ring at all. Again, with the betting quoted at Owen Swift's at 3 to 1 on Heenan, what possible chance would he have to invest in bets even if he should fight? Why, none at all, and for this reason, if for nothing else, he would be unwise to meddle with fighting at all.

If, after the circus engagement expires, Mace desires to tackle the Boy, and will put up £50 forfeit to fight for not less than £1000, and as much more as he likes, totally putting the belt or title thereto out of the question, I am quite certain Heenan will oblige him with pleasure. Or, if this does not suit, and Mace is really anxious to see who is the best man, John could be persuaded to give him a trial for £200, in a room, with carpets, or feather beds, or the bare boards, whichever may be most agreeable to Jem; it will never do to go fussing about for a week to finish in the open air what could as well be decided "on the quiet"—at least, not for a thousand dollars. The Boy saw quite sufficient at Nolan and Thomas' fight to notice how things are managed *de facto*, and has read enough in the last half-a-dozen battles, (bar one) to satisfy him there's something underhanded at the bottom of nearly all modern fights, if the truth were told at all times.

The yarn about Mace offering to fight either Heenan or Sayers, the night they met at Owen Swift's, is "raythe" imaginative. The facts are these: Sayers asked John if he had come over to fight, and was answered in the negative; he then wanted to know if Heenan remembered the "auctioneer," at the same time putting himself in position. John retaliated with a remark that set up a roar at Tom's expense, and in this way they half jocosely and half in earnest, kept quizzing each other, until Heenan got him so wild by his sarcastic hits, that Tom's oratory was silenced, and he rushed forward offering to make a match with Mace; Jem quick as thought replied, "You needn't think to make a target of me," and planted a fiver down for Tom to cover; Sayers did so, but on a friend telling Jem it "couldn't be did," as it was all nonsense to talk of Sayers' again entering the ring, Mace drew his note, Sayers followed suit, and thus ended the latest sensation, "much ado about nothing."

Tuesday evening, after a good "blow out" as a parting supper, Billy Armstrong, James Heenan, and the "expatriated," left the hotel for a ramble, first calling in at Nicholson's old place, but as the Judge and Jury were out of town, the "poses" didn't warrant two minutes' stay, and we took a walk towards Polygraphic Hall, where the Christys are playing, went behind the scenes, and had the pleasure of an introduction to Dave Wambold, Billy Collins, Billy Burton, Burbank, Lewis, and others, all as happy as clams. There wasn't even time to "smile" after the performance, as a 'bus stood in waiting, into which the "cullies" tumbled every which way, with all their stage costumes, wigs, etc., retained, to be ready the instant they reached the theatre in Whitechapel Road. We next turned into the Alhambra to see D'Alberte and Leotard. Billy and James H. having both seen the Hanlons, their verdict was unanimously awarded to the brothers, who, by-the-bye, tried to secure Leotard when last in England, but, failing to do so, intend coming here in July, it is said, to run opposition, when the British public will have a chance to judge impartially between Leotard and Hanlon. John C. Heenan also gave the Alhambra a call, but didn't care to stay long when it got buzzed around what part he occupied: what a contrast he is to most people! At a quarter to three this afternoon, our affable Champion, John C., and James his brother, start for Wolverhampton, where the circus opens to-morrow afternoon, next at Walsall on Saturday, and from Monday to Tuesday at Birmingham. Up to the present this is all the programme, but I will post you all about the arrangements from time to time without fail, and "right on the jump."

Mr. Heenan himself isn't aware of the party's name he is to spar with, but he understands him to be the biggest man in England—a giant in height and strength. If so be it, there's sure to be fun ahead, as John has made up his mind to hit out with a will, whoever he may be, and between ourselves, Mr. Queen, I fancy most of them will throw it up, like Joe Coburn did when training John for his maiden ring encounter. I am willing to bet two to one they will have to hunt up a new man every month.

NED JAMES.

We are in receipt of later foreign advices of date April 19, but nothing of special import has occurred further, in reference to the Benicia Boy or the championship of England. In referring thereto, "our own" correspondent, Edwin James, says that "Nat Langham will, after the International Exhibition has closed, most likely make an effort to seek out some young 'un to have a bout with Jem Mace, unless some one should turn up before." At present, it appears as though Master Jem will have an easy time of it, from the fact that Tom King and he are so affectionately attached, and that Heenan is engaged for six months at a salary that puts the amount for a championship battle entirely in the shade. It appears that the late rumor about "a young man from the country," who was to settle the Gipsy, is all bosh, and invented to draw customers to certain public houses, a dodge that is often resorted to among the trans-Atlantic sports. Not a very commendable method of gulling the public, certainly.

The fact is, just about now, there appears to be no one among the redoubtable pugs of Great Britain who is willing or able to face Mace in the P. R., and as Heenan is bound down by an

engagement, and Tom Sayers being no longer allowed to act for himself, Mace can "hang up his fiddle and his bow," unless as it is hinted, some other professor of the art fistic from America should turn up. The names of Tim Heenan, Joe Coburn, Mike Norton, and Ed Price are mixed up somewhat with prize ring talk on the other side, but it remains to be seen whether either of them is willing to try Jem's metal. The chances would not be all against either one of them being successful, and even if they should be conquered, their reputation would not suffer. However, as things are, we must wait, Micawber-like, for something or somebody to turn up, to give Mace a turn-up, and for the present the Championship of England will remain "as you were," or until Heenan's circus engagement expires, when, in all probability, the "situation" will be changed. In our next issue, we shall, doubtless, be enabled to give the particulars of Heenan's first appearance in a new character, and a letter from our correspondent stating how the Boy parades himself in the C. R., instead of the P. R., as he intended visiting Birmingham for that purpose, soon after his last writing.

A HIT AT YOUNG DUTCH SAM.—The prize ring in England does not seem to improve now-a-days, and some of the disgraceful scenes that have been witnessed at the American ring side are now re-enacted in England. In addition, there are many thieves in attendance at English fights, who care not who they knock down, so that they can have an opportunity to filch money or other valuables from their victims. The following notice is taken from a late number of the *Sporting Life*:—

THE LATE FIGHT BETWEEN THOMAS AND NOLAN.—Mr. Editor. Sir:—Will you permit me a short space in your valuable columns for the following remarks in reference to the late disgraceful scenes at Paddington Station. On Tuesday morning, the 7th inst., at four o'clock A. M., I was waiting with many others for my ticket to go and see what they call a good fight, when I was suddenly surrounded by some thieves who generally accompany such meetings, seized by the throat, and thrown on my back, my pocket with its contents, and part of my trousers, torn away, and likewise a gold barrel-shaped brooch from my neck-scarf, and this in the presence of two policemen on duty, who, from fear or other motives best known to themselves, did not offer any assistance, in spite of my cries and appeals for them to do so. Not contented with this, the same party again seized upon me at Kentbury Station. I was thrown on the ground, and a violent search made for what they had missed at Paddington. A looker on in this instance was *Aaron Moss, alias Young Dutch Sam*, who offered no assistance, and whom I promised on the spot to give the public an idea how easy it is to be deceived by such men, who at one time pretend to be your friends, and at another time stand by and see you robbed when their interest is concerned. Yours, &c., WILLIAM LUKER, Old Dog Tray, Oxford.

HOW THE QUOITING GOES.—At the recent opening of this sport for the season, the following games were played with great spirit. Mr. Geo. Dunning, "the War Horse," mustered his troops at the Quoit Shades, 273 Spring street. Twelve volunteers offered to "go in" for the chances. The twelve were matched by drawing two sets of numbers from 1 to 6, and their play came out as follows in the—

FIRST GAME.

R. Woodhead 13, vs. A. McGregor 7.
J. McClerin 13, vs. R. Dobbie 7.
J. Lindsay 11, vs. J. Moore 13.
R. Campbell 2, vs. Samuel Southern 13.
J. Smith 4, vs. James Miller 13.

The six winners then played off the—

SECOND GAME.

Samuel Southern 13, vs. R. Woodhead 7.
J. McClerin 13, vs. J. Moore 2.
Drysdale 13, vs. James Miller 7.

Of these three winners, Southern was set aside, leaving Drysdall and McClerin to play the—

THIRD GAME.

Drysdale 13, vs. J. McClerin 4.

Sammy Southern was then called forth from his retirement to match with Drysdale in the—

FOURTH AND FINAL GAME.

Drysdale 13, vs. Samuel Southern 5.

This left the great conqueror at draughts the conqueror on the present occasion. More fun is promised next Wednesday. Smith, of Newark, is likely to have a play off with George Dunning, as "the War Horse" is sure to be on hand.

CRICKET.

CRICKET MATERIAL.—As now is the time for the selection of material for playing the game, it is well to know where to go or send for the best, at moderate charges; and by way of putting our readers on the right track, we would refer them to Harry Wright's advertisement in another column; who, from his long connection with cricket and base ball, knows just what is what. Those wishing to take advantage of his experience in the selection of good balls, bats, etc., had better drop him a line at once.

BEADLE'S DIME BOOK OF CRICKET AND CRICKETER'S COMPANION, by Henry Chadwick, contains complete instructions in the elements of bowling, batting, and fielding, as well as the laws of the game, etc. Just the thing for a beginner and only ten cents. It may be procured through any news agent.

ON THE OCEAN.—Mr. Hattersley, one of our cricket friends of Cincinnati, visited us and several others of the cricketing fraternity last week, and, we believe, had a good time generally. He left per steamer of Saturday last, for a brief visit to England on business. May good luck and good cheer be his constant attendants.

NEW YORK CRICKET CLUB OPENING.—In spite of the unfavorable state of the weather on Monday, April 28th, the members of this club and their friends mustered in pretty strong force, and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content in handling the leather and wielding the willow for the first time this season, for which, we doubt not, many of them got a receipt in full on the next day, in the shape of stiff arms and legs. The re-union was in every respect a jovial and friendly one, and Crossley's exchequer, we presume, did not suffer, in consequence of the frequent "cordial" greetings vouchsafed from one to another. The prospects are that the season, so far as the New York Club is concerned, will be a very pleasant if not a very demonstrative one in the way of match playing.

MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB.—The annual meeting of this club, was held at the House of Commons, 25 West Houston street, on Tuesday evening, April 29th, for the purpose of electing officers, and appointing an opening day. The election resulted in the following named gentlemen being elected officers for the season of 1862. James Boyd, President; James Neeves, Vice President; Thos. Love, Treasurer; Geo. W. Clarendon, Secretary. Tuesday, the 6th May, was appointed for the opening day, on the grounds of the New York Cricket Club, Hoboken. This club is in a very flourishing condition, having added considerably to their numbers, among whom are some first class cricketers. Their anticipations in reference to the coming season are very favorable, and they expect to play many friendly matches with other clubs. The practice days of this club are Tuesdays and Fridays, on the above named grounds.

THE EAST WILLIAMSBURGH CRICKET CLUB will open their new grounds on Monday, May 12th, upon which occasion they will be happy to see as many of their friends of the manly sport as can visit them. They have made great efforts to have an earlier opening, but were unable to do so. The grounds are beautifully located on the heights of East Williamsburgh, near the factory of J. W. Hadfield, pyrotechnist. Stages from Grand street Ferry pass at frequent intervals.

CHIPPEWA CRICKET CLUB.—The officers of this Philadelphia club are as follows:—President, W. J. Hurley; Vice President, Thos. Pratt; Secretary, P. Costello; Treasurer, J. Whelan; Field Captain, J. D. McBride. The ground occupied by them, is the St. George cricket club ground, near Camac's Woods. Their regular practice day is Monday of each week. The club is in the third year of its organization, and has about 40 members. On Monday, April 28, the opening game of the season was played. Sides being chosen by Messrs. McBride and Pratt, McBride's side winning by a score of 62 to 56. The prospect for a good season for Cricketers is very encouraging.

CRICKET IN BOSTON.—The Boston Cricket Club played their opening match of the season on their grounds at East Cambridge, on Monday, April 28th. There was a good attendance of spectators, and the match was an interesting one, but the playing was closed at an earlier hour than was intended on account of the rain. The club was well represented. Sides were chosen by Messrs. S. F. Crockett, President; and W. Kilner, Vice President. The first side scored 77 in two innings, and were beaten by Kilner's side in one innings and 21 runs, they having scored 98 at the time the playing was suspended. A match between the Boston club and the St. George club of this city, will be played in all probability, in the first week in June, at East Cambridge.

CRICKET IN AUSTRALIA.—By latest advices from thence, we perceive that the enthusiasm that had been aroused over the advent of the All England Eleven among them, had in no wise abated, but on the contrary had become still more general, a fact which it is pleasant to record. At Sidney the honors were divided between twenty-two of New South Wales and Victoria, and the Eleven, each winning one match. The first, played on January 29, 30, and 31, and February 1, was won by the Eleven by 49 runs, Mortlock's 76 and 10 being by far the best score for the winners, and Kettle's 39 and 1 for their opponents. On February 13 they commenced the return match, having beaten a twenty-two of Bathurst in the interim pretty badly, although eight of their wickets fell to the bowling of a youth of eighteen named Tress. The result of the return at Sidney, was the defeat of the Britishers by twelve wickets. Griffith's scores of 11 and 38 were the highest for the Eleven, and Park's 20 and 3 and not out the best for the twenty-two. The scores at this last match were, as a general thing, small. The departure of the Eleven from Sidney, was marked by the most demonstrative enthusiasm.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON—THE GEM—Corner of Houston and Crosby streets, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, to which some valuable additions have recently been made, by all means. 3-tf

WEEHAWKEN.—This suburb of New York, though located in New Jersey, is visited during the summer by many of our overheated citizens for the benefit of their health. Those who cross the water in that direction this summer, will not forget that the affable Ed. Wilson has reopened his cozy little retreat there, just to the left of the road ascending the hill from the 42d street ferry, where a good view of the Hudson River may be had; a cooler in the shape of a sherry cobbler or mint julep; cigars of first-rate quality; and, if you like, you can take an hour's pleasant exercise at quoits, the material and place being always in fix.

BIG MATCH IN COLORADO.—From Denver City we learn that a big pugilistic match is on the *tapis* between J. C. Orem, Champion of Colorado, and Charley Switz, who seconded Orem in his fight with Enoch Davis. Switz challenged Orem, who readily accepted, and we understand that the stakes will be $4000. A good contest is looked for.

BOXING AT WILMINGTON, DEL.—On Wednesday night, the 30th ult, at the Metropolitan Concert Saloon, Mr. Shattuck, a professor of the fistic art, gave an exhibition, assisted by Mr. George Mead, Mr. Edward Francis, and Mr. Ford. It was well attended. Mr. Shattuck is a very fine specimen of an athlete, and gives lessons in the manly art of self-defence in a room over the Metropolitan Concert Saloon.

BOXING IN BOSTON.—A sparring exhibition for the benefit of Bill Evans is to be given in Boston on the 8th inst., at which most of the fraternity have promised to appear and set-to. Prof. W. G. Taylor also intends to take a hand in. The tariff is fixed at 50 cents.

A SPARRING EXHIBITION for the benefit of Billy Donnelly is to take place at Montgomery Hall, in Prince street, on the 13th inst. A long list of "primo buffers" have promised to be on hand, and Billy Donnelly and Johnny Drumgoole will give the wind-up. Admission, 25 cents.

BALL PLAY.

FANCY FLANNEL OUTSIDE SHIRTS.

FOR

BASE BALL AND CRICKET PLAYERS,

Always on hand and made to order,

4-1t* AT UNION ADAMS, NO. 637 BROADWAY.

THE STAR CLUB MATCHES.—The third game of the series of home and home matches between the first and second nines of this club, was played on Saturday, April 26th, on the Star ground South Brooklyn, the result being a signal victory for the former by a score of 40 to 6. The first game was won by the second nine, by a score of 13 to 5; the second contest resulting in favor of the first nine, their score being 17 to their opponents' 9. This last match was a very well played one on the part of the first nine; but their opponents failed to play with their usual skill, two of the innings being marked with decided muffin play on the part of the defeated. We append the score in full:—

FIRST NINE.

	H.	L.	RUNS.
Waddell, 1 f	5		5
Henry, r f	6		5
Galpin, 2d b	4		4
B. Chilton, 3d b	4		6
Jerome, 1st b	2		8
Kelly, p	3		7
Mitchell, c	3		5
Total			40

SECOND NINE.

	H.	L.	RUNS.
Skaats, p	2		1
Weeden, 1 f	4		0
McKenzie, c f	4		0
Morris, c	4		1
Pearson, 2d b	2		2
Savage, r f	4		0
G. Chilton, 3d b	4		0
Gignoux, s s	2		1
Hunter, 1st b	1		1
Total			6

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
First Nine	2	2	11	3	2	3	3	14	0	—40
Second Nine	0	1	0	2	3	0	0	0	0	— 6

Passed balls—Morris, 9; Mitchell, 5.
Struck out—Morris, 1; Savage, 2.
Run out between bases—B. Chilton by G. Chilton.
Fly catches missed—Kelly, 1; Henry, 1; Galpin, 1; Hunter, 1.
Bound catches missed—Kelly, 1; Galpin, 1; Morris, 1; Gignoux, 1; Skaats, 1.
Fly catches made—Jerome, 1; Henry, 1; Galpin, 1; B. Chilton, 2; Morris, 1; Gignoux, 1; G. Chilton, 1.
Time of game—two hours and thirty minutes.
Umpire—Mr. H. Brainard.
Scorer—Mr. Duval.

BASE BALL AT WOODSTOCK, C. W.—The Young Canadian base ball club, held their third annual meeting on Tuesday, April 22d, at the El Dorado Hotel, when the following persons were elected as officers for the ensuing year: President, C. L. Wood; Vice President, C. Clyde; Secretary and Treasurer, R. Douglass; Directors, D. McKay, D. Clyde, and Jas. Shuttleworth. The club have adopted the "catch on the fly" in their practice games. The young Canadians began play for the season, on Monday, April 28th, and turned out strong; the first nine all being present. Sides were chosen by Rob't McWhinnie and Jas. Wilson, and a lively and interesting game of seven innings was played. This is the first "fly game" that has ever been played in Woodstock. The following is the score of the match:—

McWHINNIE'S SIDE.

	H.	L.	RUNS.
McWhinnie	1		3
D. McKay, 1st b	0		2
Shuttleworth, s s	2		2
Burley, 2d b	3		1
Parker, r f	3		0
Shane, 1 f	3		1
Clyde, p	1		2
Crugers, 3d b	4		0
Dash, r s	2		1
J. McKay, c f	2		0
Total			12

WILSON'S SIDE.

	H.	L.	RUNS.
J. Wilson, p	3		1
Pascoe, c	2		2
S. Wilson, s s	2		1
Morrison, 1 f	2		1
Forbes, r s	2		2
Arnold, r f	3		0
Fuller, 3d b	2		1
Rawlings, 2d b	1		2
Douglass, c f	2		1
Thompson, 1st b	2		0
Total			11

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
McWhinnie's Side	2	0	0	3	1	4	2	.	.	—12
Wilson's Side	1	2	1	1	4	1	1	.	.	—11

Umpire—C. L. Wood. Time of game, one hour thirty minutes.
Fly catches were made by—Morrison, 1; Thompson, 1; Pascoe, 1; Shuttleworth, 2.

ATHLETIC BASE BALL CLUB.—This first class club of Philadelphia, whose opening game we noticed in our last issue, was organized on the 31st of May, 1859, at the instance of a number of gentlemen, who were desirous of seeking, in the game of ball, that recreation which devotion to business necessitates. They engaged the grounds belonging to the St. George cricket club, and began by playing town ball. The superiority of base ball being evident, and its popularity increasing, determined them to adopt it, and on the 7th of April, 1860, the Athletic base ball club became a fixed fact. As a town ball club it was the first in the city, bearing the palm in a number of hard-fought matches. It numbered among its members some of the hardest hitters and surest fielders to be found. Nor has it deteriorated since it has adopted the bases instead of the stakes. The members, ever gentlemanly and courteous, are, as a general rule, excellent players. One of the reasons why, in its matches, it has been defeated at all, arises from the inability of several of its "first nine" members to practice with the club; and here we may say, that no player, be he ever so good, can expect to become prominent in the game, unless he goes often to the ground. In its matches it has been decidedly above the average; the old Olympic club claiming the first rank, because they defeated the Athletics, twice, last season. In the first match with the Olympic, some unfortunate throws of the fielders decided their loss by 5 runs; in the second match, defeat occurred, it is alleged, because of the mistakes of the umpire. With regard to the *personnel* of the members, a few words would not be out of place. The captain, De Witt C. Moore, is well known among the ball playing fraternity, having been elected unanimously, first Vice President of the National Association on the evening of December 12th, 1860; he is an excellent player, sure at the bat and in his catches, and makes one of the best short stops in Philadelphia. Nathan Berkenstock, the first base, is one of the hardest hitters in the club. Harry Paul, the second base, has earned a reputation for play which is enviable. Wilkins, a fine pitcher, and one of the surest catchers, plays third base superbly. Tom Pratt, the pitcher for the club, is universally acknowledged the best in the city. He is quite young, not more than twenty years of age, and with the advantage of youth, bids fair to equal Creighton. He has all the material for excellent play in other respects, being one of the best cricketers in the city. Geo. H. Troutman, the catcher, can hardly be improved on. For other fielders the club can draw largely on the rest: West, a splendid player and a fine 2d base: Dr. Heston, Hayhurst, Bartine, Garritson, McBride, Deal, Karcher, Gratz, all sure and capable men, can be depended upon, while a large number of others, whose love of the game makes them prefer quiet exercise, to the excitement of being on the "first nine," fills up the list of members.

BEADLE'S DIME BASE BALL PLAYER, containing rules and regulations for 1862, complete scores of the Fashion Course, and the Great CLIPPER Silver Ball Match, with the averages of 1861, and other valuable matter, by Henry Chadwick; is now ready and for sale by all Booksellers and News Agents. Get one.

PEDESTRIAN DISPLAY.—Deerfoot, the American Indian, now in England, who has defeated so many of the best men there, was to have run in a race on April 24, at the Hornsey Wood grounds, against such men as Brighton, Marks, Lang and Mower. The prizes were to amount to about $750.

CHAMPIONSHIP WRESTLING.

The members of the Westmoreland and Cumberland Wrestling Society met on the Hornsey Wood grounds on April 18, to observe their anniversary for athletic sports, which were witnessed by no less than 7000 persons. The umpires for the day were Messrs. Bell and Brown, and Mr. Margetson filled the office of referee.

The sports commenced with pole-leaping for money prizes. There were nine entered, and, after some fine sport, the first prize was won by Musgrove, who jumped 9 ft. 6 in. The second prize was obtained by Baines, who jumped 9 ft. 4 in.; and the third by Jamison. When the pole-leaping had been concluded, the sports in the wrestling ring commenced by the men of all weights belonging to the two respective counties, under 11st, who had resided in London since the 1st of January last.

THE TWO COUNTIES UNDER 11st.

FIRST ROUND.

STOOD.	FELL.	STOOD.	FELL.
R Wilson	W Wilson	G Walker	W Graham
J Baines	W Roberts	J Pugmire	W Snowden
J Smith	R Wallace	J Tiffin	J Pattison
W Gilchrist	T Corrick	J Armstrong	R Brown
W Armstrong	T Mein	W Gilchrist	W Wilkinson
J Robinson	Langcake	J Dixon	R Fawcett
J Dixon	E Stanley	T Rowe	J Graham
G Hunton	W Allen	R Brunskill	R Atkinson
G Reed	W Johnson	T Robson	H Steel
W Peirce	R Nixon	W Swift	J Strong
J Forster	Daldsall		

First time over.

SECOND ROUND.

R Brunskill	J Dixon	J Tiffin	J Forster
J Smith	W Gilchrist	T Rowe	W Armstrong
J Robinson	R Wilson	G Reed	J Armstrong
J Dixon	J Baines	J Strong	Pugmire
G Hunton	W Peirce	W Gilchrist	J Walker

T Robinson odd man.
Second time over.

THIRD ROUND.

R Brunskill	J Robinson	J Dixon	J Tiffin
W Gilchrist	G Hunter	J Smith	T Rowe
J Strong	J Robinson		

G Reed odd man.
Third time over.

THIRD ROUND.

J Strong	G Reed	J Dixon	W Gilchrist
J Smith	R Brunskill		

Fourth time over.

FIFTH ROUND.

J Smith		J Strong

J Dixon odd man.
Fifth time over.
SIXTH ROUND.

J. SMITH AND J. DIXON.—According to the conditions of the wrestling, these men had now to contend for the head prize. They having now to play the best two falls out of three, the bout between these men, from their well known skill, produced much excitement, and on their coming together for the first time, Smith threw his man by the swing, thus gaining the first fall. After a little rest, the champions again came together, when the play between them again produced immense excitement. There was a fine display of science between the competitors, when, although Dixon did his utmost to foil the points of his opponent, he was not destined to be successful, for Smith, for the second time, sent his man to grass in beautiful style, thus gallantly winning the first prize, a gold watch; Dixon, as the second best performer, obtaining the second prize, a silver watch; Strong, who was third, having his efforts rewarded by a silver snuff-box; and W. Gilchrist, who was the fourth best man, also receiving a silver snuff-box. When the play between the above men had been concluded, the ring, which for the moment had been broken into by those eager to congratulate the winners, was again cleared with the utmost expedition for the play between the all-comers under 11st, for eight guineas and the champion's belt, for the winner, with other prizes:—

ALL COMERS UNDER 11ST.

STOOD.	FELL.	STOOD.	FELL.
J Robinson	R Nixon	J Tiffin	W Elwood
P Barnes	J Musgrove	J Dixon	J Armstrong
G Scott	E Stanley	J Forster	W Johnson
W Wilkinson	B Williamson	T Mein	J Pattison
J Lindsey	R Wallace	J Walker	W Roberts
W Snowden	R Atkinson	W Gilchrist	T Rowe
J Baines	G Reed	H Steel	T Corrick
J Scott	J Ireland	R Brunskill	W Graham
W Armstrong	W Pearce	J Smith	R Brown
R Tyson	R Fawcett	T Robinson	W Johnson
Wal Armstrong	W Carrick		

FIRST ROUND.

J Strong	J Thompson	J Dixon	J Forster

First time over.

SECOND ROUND.

J Robinson	W Wilkinson	W Armstrong	W Gilchrist
T Robinson	T Mein	J Strong	J Baines
Wal Armstrong	J Lindsey	J Scott	J Dixon
G Scott	J Walker	R Brunskill	W Snowden
J Tiffin	P Barnes	J Smith	R Tyson

H Steel odd man.
Second time over.

THIRD ROUND.

G Scott	H Steel	Wal Armstrong	J Robinson
J Smith	T Robinson	W Armstrong	J Tiffin
J Scott	J Strong		

R Brunskill odd man.
Third time over.

FOURTH ROUND.

Wal Armstrong	R Brunskill	J Scott	J Smith (J. d.)
G Scott	W Armstrong		

Fourth time over.

FIFTH ROUND.

G Scott	Wal Armstrong	

J Scott, odd man.

G. SCOTT AND J. SCOTT.—After some admirable play in the preliminary bouts, these men, who had proved the best performers, had now to contend for the head prize, the champion's belt and eight guineas, the conditions being the same as before, the best two falls out of three. After a display of some fine points, G. Scott obtained the fall in beautiful style, sending his man to grass with a fair back fall. After a little rest the men came together, when J. Scott won the second fall in a splendid over, thus making it trick and tie. The excitement round the ring as to who would obtain the final fall between these champions now became intense, when, after a slashing bout, John Scott threw his man with the cross-buttock, so that it will be seen this wrestler won the first prize, the belt; G. Scott obtaining the second prize.

HEAVY WEIGHTS.

FIRST ROUND.

STOOD.	FELL.	STOOD.	FELL.
W Jamieson	R Brunskill	J Baines	J Pattison
J Blair	W Johnson	J Dixon	E Stanley
T Carrick	R Wilson	R Wright	W Pierce
R Tyson	J Robinson	H Rawlinson	J Walker
C Hutchinson	W Wilkinson	J Thompson	Daldsall
J Hodgson	J Snowden	W Wilson	W Brunskill
G Scott	W Elwood	T Rowe	H Steel
J Brunskill	G Reed	J Lindsey	J Armstrong
T Mein	H Iveson	J Howe	W Allen
Ben Cooper	T Robinson	J Scott	R Brown
W Gilchrist	R Atkinson	R Brunskill	J Tiffin
Wal Armstrong	B Williamson	J Gibson	J Hewetson
R Wilson	A Thompson	Wm Armstrong	W Swift
P Barnes	J Graham	J Strong	J Snowden

First time over.

SECOND ROUND.

J Strong	W Wilson	J Blair	T Mein
J Dixon	W Armstrong	J Thompson	J Carrick
T H Rawlinson	P Barnes	G Scott	W Gilchrist
R Brunskill	W Wilson	R Wright	J Lindsey
W Jamieson	J. Baines	Ben Cooper	J Gibson
J Brunskill	T Rowe	J Scott	J Hodgson
R Tyson	J Howe	C Hutchinson	Wal Armstrong

Second time over.

THIRD ROUND.

J Blair	G Scott	J Brunskill	R Tyson
R Wright	R Brunskill	W Jamieson	J Thompson
J Scott	C Hutchinson	Ben Cooper	J Dixon
T Rawlinson	J Strong		

Third time over.

FOURTH ROUND.

J Brunskill	J Blair	R Wright	T Rawlinson
W Jamieson	J Scott		

Ben Cooper odd man.
Fourth time over.
Fifth time over.

A Wright	Ben Cooper	W Jamieson	J Brunskill

W. JAMIESON AND J. R. WRIGHT.—These men had now to contend for the champion's belt and twelve guineas, the conditions being as before—the best two falls out of three. Throughout the whole of this successful meeting the play exhibited by the numerous competitors had been of a first-rate description, and the struggle between the above noted wrestlers, whose skill and prowess are too well known to need comment, produced the most intense excitement, the men having to play in the midst of the gloom of evening, as it was past seven o'clock. The first fall was obtained by Jamieson by the right leg-hipe. The second fall was won by Wright by a clever cross-buttock. The men now came together to wrestle for the third fall, which was won by Jamieson by a beautiful back-heel, so that it will be seen Jamieson takes the belt and the first money prize of twelve guineas.

BILLIARDS AT WILMINGTON.—On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, the 23d and 24th ult., Mons. Mortie, the Frenchman who plays billiards without a cue, assisted by Mr. C. Bird and Mr. Benjamin, of Philadelphia, gave an exhibition at the saloon of Mr. Wilson (late Cassidy's), on the corner of Mott and King streets, Wilmington, Del. It was a very interesting exhibition, and was well attended. The Frenchman beat all competitors; and the play of the two professors, Bird and Benjamin, was very fine. Several amateurs, who consider themselves some at billiards, played with the Monsieur, as well as with Bird and Benjamin, but got badly beaten for their presumption. However, the honor was probably all they desired to gain by the encounter.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from page 31.

FOREIGN, DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

During a performance of "The Wreck Ashore" recently at Birmingham, and while a gun is used in the business of the cottage scene of the second act, the gun was accidentally discharged while in the hands of Miss Julia Clissold, not only severely wounding Miss Ruth Edwin in one foot, but igniting her dress. Prompt assistance seems to have saved her life, at latest advices.

The Rocky Mountain Wonders were last noticed with Jim Myers' Circus Company at the Adelphi, Liverpool.

Wherever Edmund Falconer's "Peep o' Day" has been introduced, we observe that "The Colleen Bawn" and "The Octoroon" have had to take a back seat.

Barry Sullivan commenced his farewell engagement (prior to his departure for Australia), at the Royal Amphitheatre, Liverpool, on Easter Monday.

The Haymarket, London, was voluntarily closed during Passion Week, merely for redecoration, but was re-opened on Easter Monday, with "Our American Cousin" as the leading item, for the 102d time, and of course Mr. Sothern's Lord Dundreary was as lucid as usual.

The year 1862 marks the first time in which the British Church-and-State restrictions upon theatrical performances were taken off. The theatres were all closed, however, on Good Friday.

Sidney Nelson, composer of such songs as "Mary of Argyle," "The Pilot," "Madeline," etc., died in London on the 7th of April. Deceased had formerly been very successful while in Australia, where he brought out his daughters as vocalists. Returning, a few months since, he intended introducing those daughters upon the London stage, but has not lived to witness that interesting occasion, death having overtaken him in his sixty-second year.

The Collins branch of the Original Christy's performed at the Whitechapel Pavilion, London, during the week before Easter. They gave a "first part" early in the evening. Then "all hands" (and faces) jump into cabs, and off they go to their own place of performance, at the West End. While gone, a four-act version of "Dinorah," dramatized from the well-known opera, is performed. In this our former visitor in this country, J. B. Howe, is among the cast. The performances conclude with a "second part" furnished by the talent and ubiquitous celerity of the Christy party.

The opening week of the Royal Italian Opera Company at Covent Garden, London, is described as proving the most perfect success on each of the three business nights.

Mr. and Mrs. (Agnes Robertson) Boucicault made their appearance at Drury Lane, lately, in a special performance arranged for the benefit of Benedict, the musical composer. They performed in "The Dublin Boy."

During Easter week, the Prince of Wales, Liverpool, was closed for redecoration, also to prepare for presenting "Lurline," the new burlesque, written expressly for that house by H. J. Byron. During the week previous, Mdlle. Albini di Rhona was Manager Henderson's principal attraction.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul opened at the Athenæum, Sunderland, on Easter Monday.

England can now boast of a young and veritable composer of music. His name is Arthur Seymour Sullivan. He has contributed some music for Shakespeare's "The Tempest," and it has been performed with great success at the Crystal Palace concerts.

There is a Mr. and Mrs. Carroll doing "niggar business" at the Colosseum, Glasgow.

John C. Heenan made his first appearance, with Howes & Cushing's American Circus, at Wolverhampton, on the 17th of April.

Wardle Corbyn has given up his management of the Cremorne Gardens, London, but of course hangs on at Her Majesty's Concert Room.

The Colinetti Family of Ohio Minstrels were at St. James' Music Hall, Swallow street, London, and announce a "New Original Walk Round Johnny Roach," whatever that may mean.

BOATING IN PITTSBURGH, PA.—A correspondent signing himself "Sport," under date of May 1st, furnishes us with the following information of the boating organizations of the Smokey City, in addition to those to which we have referred:—"The Volante Boat Club enjoy the reputation of being good oarsmen, in consequence of winning the Champion Flag for eight-oared boats, in the regatta of 1860, on which occasion they beat the Imperial, Undine, and Albatross. The Volantes own four boats; two of eight, and two of four oars, and have a roll of fifteen members. They are noted for their partiality for rowing, and the liberal practice which they undergo will probably enable them to retain their champion colors, and gain brighter laurels in the world of aquatics. 'Practice maks perfect.' The only clubs remaining unnoticed are entitled the Alleghany and R. S. Hall Boat Clubs, which associations, although young in years, possess the requisite energy and enthusiasm to reflect credit upon the rowing clubs of Pittsburgh. The R. S. Hall club own two boats, each pulling four oars. The Alleghany club have one eight-oared boat and a tasty little yacht called the "Oriole." The Atalanta Boat Club at one time ranked high in Pittsburgh for good boats and oarsmanship; at the last great rise of the river, the Princess, a very fast four-oared boat, was destroyed. Among the good oarsmen of the Atalanta club was Wm. Campbell, who, upon two occasions, rowed an excellent single scull race with James Hammil, for the championship. Although not victorious, Campbell proved himself, in both races, a foeman worthy of the Champion's steel.

The city of Pittsburgh occupies a highly creditable position in the American aquatic column; it has seven clubs who own some thirty boats, independent of a large number which are owned by private gentlemen. The oarsmen of Pittsburgh rank high for their skill and endurance, and some remarkable time has been rowed in the waters of that vicinity. The "Keystone boys" are "some" on the oar or scull, as they have shown in many a stout contest; and we hope that the present season will not pass away without their boats and crews putting in an appearance at the regattas of the Empire and Eastern States.

ERRATA.—In referring to the Crescent Club last week, we should have credited them with seventeen members, instead of twelve.

AN EIGHT DAYS' PILGRIMAGE.—It will be remembered by most, if not all of the CLIPPER'S readers, that a young man, Edward Payson Weston by name, gained considerable notoriety last year, by an attempt to walk from Boston to Washington inside of ten consecutive days, in which he failed. For reasons given by him he intends to repeat the journey, and will leave Washington on May 19th, and strive to seek Boston in eight days. His principal incentive for making another attempt is to raise funds to pay debts incurred for board and other necessaries during his first venture, also to disprove the accusation that he was bribed to lose his first wager by persons who had bet against him. He will be accompanied all the way by four gentlemen in carriages, who will testify under oath as to the manner in which the feat will be performed. Leaving Washington May 10th, at five, P. M., he will reach

Baltimore, distance 40 miles, Tuesday, 3, P. M.
Philadelphia, distance 143 miles, Wednesday, 12, M.
Trenton, distance 179 miles, Thursday, 11, A. M.
Newark, distance 231 miles, Friday, 7½, A. M.
New York, distance 241 miles, Friday, 10, A. M.
New Haven, distance 320 miles, Saturday, 2, P. M.
Hartford, distance 356 miles, Saturday, 12, M.
Worcester, distance 436 miles, Monday, 11½, P. M.
Framingham, distance 457 miles, Tuesday, 11, A. M.
Boston, distance 478 miles, Tuesday, 5, P. M.

Whether he will successfully accomplish the work here laid out, remains to be seen; but we rather think he will find the job more than he bargains for. He, however, appears to be quite sanguine in reference to his ability to accomplish the feat.

TROTTING ON STATEN ISLAND.—Another trot came off on Tuesday, April 29th, over the Richmond Club Course, New Dorp, between John Hornby's road horse Lander, and Benj. Brown's Joe Crocheron, resulting in favor of the former after three well-contested heats. It rained incessantly during the race, and the track was very heavy. The following is a summary:—

Richmond Course, April 29, 1862. Match for $50. Mile heats, to wagons.

John Hornby's s. g. Lander	0 1 1
Benj. Brown's gr. g. Joe Crocheron	0 2 2

Time, 3:04; 3:03; 2:58.

WILSON'S RETREAT, WEEHAWKEN, N. J.—The proprietor of the above named establishment takes this method of informing his friends and the public, that he again solicits their patronage. The best of ales, wines, liquors and cigars will be kept constantly on hand, and every effort made to make the visits of parties who may favor him with a call, pleasant and agreeable. His quoit ground, etc., will always be found in the best condition and ready for play.

N. B.—The boats from 42d street to Weehawken are now running regularly. 4-5t*

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Boxing,	Horse Racing,	Trotting,	Pigeon Shooting,
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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1862.

YACHTING IN NEW YORK.

THE various yacht clubs of New York and its vicinity are making every preparation for the season which is so near at hand. The New York Yacht Club, which numbers a squadron of more than seventy sail of the largest and most beautiful yachts in our country—if not in the world—will soon rendezvous in our waters, most of them having accomplished their refitting at their Winter quarters. The annual regatta of the club will take place on the first Thursday in June, when it is expected that the race will be better contested, with a greater number of entries than ever before gave *eclat* to the gala-day of this crack club. As is well known, these occasions are always days of jubilee and enjoyment to all votaries and lovers of yachting sport. The contestants are usually accompanied by a fleet of from twelve to fifteen steamboats, together with a large squadron of the graceful little yachts of the Brooklyn, Hoboken, Jersey City and Harlem yacht clubs. As the affair always takes place in the "leafy month of June," the weather is generally propitious, and our bay, the manifold beauties of which are too familiar to the sons of Manhattan to require comment, assumes its most picturesque garb. What with gaily-decked steamers, yachts, pilot boats, and every description of craft known in nautical parlance, filled with light-hearted and joyous spectators—the best bands of music the metropolis can furnish in attendance, the scene is indeed a glorious one, and worthy of New York's aquatic reputation.

The vigorous movements which have been manifested for the past two months with regard to this manly pastime, have not been experienced in this country for several years. The month of May is generally upon us before yachtsmen bestir themselves in bringing their craft out of Winter quarters. This year, however, our amateur blue-jackets are already on the *qui vive;* and we hear that a number of the most enterprising among them entertain the idea of taking advantage of the fresh breezes which prevail in early Spring, to start out on a preliminary cruise. This proposal, however, will depend mainly upon the continuance of the present mild weather. This commendable aquatic spirit is to be accompanied [illegible] by the addition to the squadron of several new boats—models of beauty of speed—which have excited the curiosity and expectations of the entire yachting fraternity; also, to that spirit of emulation engendered by squadron cruises.

The yachts which have been added to the fleet since the close of the season of 1860, are all of the first-class rank, of from seventy to one hundred and fifty tons measurement. In model, and luxury of equipment, they will add, if possible, to the fame of New York built yachts, which, since the day of George Steers, America, have enjoyed a world-wide reputation. It would seem difficult to introduce successful competitors into a fleet which now boasts of such swift craft as the Maria, Julia, Rebecca, Silvie, Madgie, Mannersing, etc., etc.; but by capable judges it is anticipated that some of the new "flyers" will display a degree of speed never before exhibited in our waters.

The Brooklyn, Hoboken and Jersey City Yacht Clubs will follow the N. Y. Y. C. at an early day with their series of regattas; and through them all, the lovers of sailing contests will experience a season of yachting recreation unprecedented for its display, spirit and enjoyment.

RULES

GOVERNING THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE JUNIOR ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

1. A club not a member of this Association shall not be entitled to compete for the championship ball, nor shall any club that has been organized for less than one year.

2. Every challenge to play the champions for the championship shall be sent to the Committee on Championship, directed to the Chairman (together with the list of the nine intending to play on such match, and the names of three substitutes), which committee, after ascertaining that the challenging club has not been defeated by any club which the champions have vanquished, and that they are not debarred by section 1, shall accept the challenge; if otherwise, reject it.

3. The committee shall inform the champions of the acceptance of a challenge within two weeks after its reception by them, and the champions shall, within one week after its reception by them, inform the committee of the day they have appointed to play on, which day shall be within two weeks after they receive the communication from the committee, together with a list of the nine appointed by them to play on such match, and the names of three substitutes.

4. If more than one challenge is received by the committee in the meanwhile, they shall give preference to the superior club.

5. The committee shall not accept more than one challenge from the same club in one year.

6. The champions shall be obliged to play all matches, whether on the fly or bound, which the Committee on Championship may accept.

7. The committee shall procure, if possible, a ball ground on the Central Park, New York, for such day as shall be appointed by the champions; if they cannot, the game shall be played on the ground of the champions.

8. The umpire in every match shall be selected by the committee.

9. Every match for the championship shall be decided by the best two out of three games.

10. The club that shall retain the ball for two successive years shall be entitled to its possession forever, and that club will then be recommended to join the Senior Association.

11. Any club that shall have retained the ball for less than two years, and shall then become a senior club—or for any other cause shall cease to be a member of this Association—shall return the ball to the Treasurer of this Association.

12. The club to which the ball shall have been awarded for the preceding year shall return the ball to the Treasurer on or before the 1st day of December, in every year—except as provided in section 10.

13. If the nine innings are not completed, and the game is stopped by darkness or foul weather, or any other cause for which neither club is to blame, the committee shall, within one week from that time, appoint a day—which day shall be within two weeks from the date of the first game—and they shall inform both clubs by letter, and send notice to the leading base ball papers in the Cities of New York and Brooklyn of such appointment; and this alteration shall not interfere with any previous arrangements the committee may have made in regard to another match.

14. If the nine innings are not completed, and the stoppage of the game is caused by the misconduct of either club, the committee shall then publish in the aforesaid papers which is the Champion Club; or if, from any cause, there shall cease to be a Champion Club, the committee shall have power to appoint another, and shall inform the public of such appointment by publishing the same in the papers before mentioned.

15. It shall be the duty of the committee to send notice to the said papers of the particulars of a match, the day, the time, and the place, and unless so published, it shall not be considered a match for the championship. They shall also keep a copy of each of the said papers that contain reports of such games.

16. The Champion Club, while playing a match for the Championship, that shall, by the individual conduct of a member, or members, tend to lower the standing of this national game in the estimation of the Base Ball fraternity (which misdemeanor shall be tried and decided by the committee on championship, in the best manner by them conceived), shall be deprived of the ball in their possession, and prohibited from attempting to regain it for two years.

17. The committee shall report, at every regular annual meeting, as to which is the Champion Club, and such club shall then receive the ball from the hands of the President of the Association.

18. The committee shall have power to draw from the President, money sufficient to defray their disbursements.

19. These rules may be altered or amended at any regular meeting, by receiving a three-fourths vote of the members present, and they may be laid aside by a unanimous vote, and by that alone.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.—Our correspondent, C. J., formerly of Wapello, Ia., informs us of the formation of a new chess club, as well as giving us a brief outline, *a la militaire*, of a skirmish between Doctor Jones and Theodore Lichtenhein. This letter, which is dated April 29, '62, we here present. "With pleasure I again renew my correspondence with the CLIPPER, and while the Union hosts are engaged in the mighty game of giving "check" and final "checkmate" to rebellion against the National Government, the devotees of Caissa have had a glorious revival in the Nation's Capital, and have recently organized a new club called the "Union Chess Club" of Washington city, and have enrolled about thirty members, among whom are a number of good players. An election for permanent officers will take place shortly, and I will then forward you names, &c. On Saturday evening last, the club was favored with a visit from Mr. Theodore Lichtenhein, of your city, who was soon engaged in a brilliant skirmish with Dr. W. B. Jones, of the "Union," at a "Bishop's Gambit," L. having the attack. The game was gallantly contested for two hours, when the Dr. made an injudicious charge of "cavalry," unsupported by "infantry," which the enemy discovered and made a sudden dash with a battery of "flying artillery" cutting off his retreat and capturing the entire "cavalry force, thus winning the day. Twice could the Dr. have drawn the game by pushing a pawn. Mr. Smith, president of the Cincinnati chess club is in town and, I believe, is to have a "bout" at the Union Rooms, No. 488½ Seventh street, this evening. We shall be pleased to receive visits from players from abroad, who may be visiting this city, at any time. Yours truly, C. J.

ENIGMA No. 327.

at Q 2, K Kt 7, Q R 4, K R 5, Q 3, Q Kt 6, Q B 4, K 3, and White Pawns at K 6, and K Kt 2d.

at his 5, K R 5, K B 3, Q Kt 2, Q B 4, K B 4, K Kt 6th.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

IN comparing these several prize problems, it must be remembered that they were not awarded the respective rank they bear on the merit of the particular ones we have presented, but from a comparison of the whole setts of which these specimens form a part. Thus, Herr Bayer's sett, numbering 13, had two faulty positions, while Mr. Healy's, only about one half as many, were *all perfect*, hence first and second honors between them. All those we have given are beautiful.

PROBLEM No. 327.

"Memoriæ Josephi A. Potter dedicatum. Ars longa est vita brevit."

BY J. P. BARNETT, M. D.

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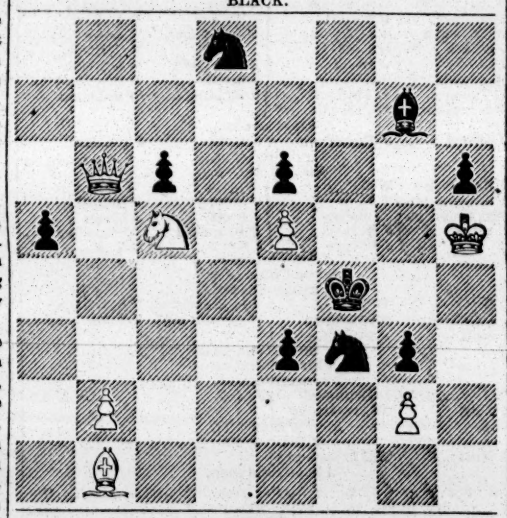


WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves.

GAME No. 327.

A partie occurring in the first Tournament won by J. A. Leonard, at the "Morphy."

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Barnett.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Dr. Barnett.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	20..R P×P	R P×P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	21..K R-his 5	K R×R
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 2(*a*)	22..Kt P×R	K-his R 3
4..P-Q 4	K P×P	23..R-K Kt sq	R-K Kt sq
5..K Kt×P	K Kt-his 3	24..P-Q Kt 3	K-his R 2
6..Castles	K B-K 2	25..Q R-Q sq	Q R-Q sq
7..P-K B 4	Castles	26..P-Q R 4	K-his R 3
8..Q B-K 3	Q Kt×Kt	27..P-Q R 5	P-Q B 4
9..Q B×Kt	P-Q 3	28..P-Q R 6	Q B-his 3
10..P-K B 5	K Kt-K 4	29..Q Kt-Q 5	Q B×Kt
11..Q Kt-B 3	K B-his 3	30..Q×Q B	B-K Kt 2
12..Q-her 2	P-Q B 3	31..R-K Kt sq	P-K B 3
13..K B-K 2	Q-K 2	32..Q R-Q sq	K B-home
14..Q R-K sq	P-Q Kt 3	33..Q B-home	Q-K B 2
15..Q B-K 3	Q B-Kt 2	34..Q B-Kt 2	K B-K 2
16..P-K Kt 4	P-K Kt 4	35..Q B×Kt	Q×Q
17..P-K R 4	P-K R 3	36..Q R×Q	Q P×B
18..K-his B 2	K-Kt 2	37..Q R×R	K B×R, and
19..K R-home	K R-home	the *partie* is drawn.	

(*a*) "The object of this defence," says the Praxis, "is to avoid the doubling of a P if the Attack should take Q Kt with B; as he is not compelled however to capture Kt, the immediate effect of this move is to shut in his own pieces, and allow his opponent to develope his own game without hindrance." The Handbuch, 3d Ed. p. 186, has an interesting specimen between Herren Lowenthal and Horwitz; but then Herr L. does this very thing of taking Kt with B, Horwitz reprises with K Kt, and, after a fine battle, wins.

Kenny and Zytogorski (Praxis p. 210) *vs.* Brien and Worrell opened a game thus:—

1..P to K 4	P to K 4	7..K B×Kt +	Kt P×B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	8..P-Q 4	P-K B 3
3..K B-Kt 5	K Kt-K 2	9..Q B-K 3	K B-K 2
4..Castles	K Kt-his 3	10..Q Kt-Q 2	Castles
5..P-Q B 3	P-Q R 3	11..P-K R 3	P-Q 4, and is
6..K B-R 4	P-Q 3	well opened.	

Another brilliancy between Herren Max and Ludwig Lange.

EVANS GAMBIT.

M. Lange.	L. Lange.	M. Lange.	L. Lange.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..Q×Kt P	K R-Kt sq
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q×R P	K Kt×B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	13..Q B-Kt 5	K R-B sq
4..P-Q Kt 4	B×Kt P	14..Q Kt-Q 2	K Kt×Kt
5..P-Q B 3	B-Q R 4	15..P-Q 6	B P×P
6..P-Q 4	K P×P	16..Q R-K sq	Kt×Kt +
7..Castles	K Kt-B 3	17..Kt P×Kt	K B×R
8..B P×P	K Kt-B 3	18..K R×B	P-K B 3
9..P-Q 5	Q Kt-K 2	19..Q-Kt 6 +	K R-B 2, and
10..Q-her 4	K Kt-Q 3	M. L. announced mate in three moves.	

A unique skirmish between Mr. J. O. M. Taylor, of Norwich, Eng., and an amateur.—*Era.*

PETROFF'S DEFENCE.

Mr. Taylor.	Amateur.	Mr. Taylor.	Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	4..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt to B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	5..K Kt×P	P-K B 3, and
3..K B-B 4	K Kt×P	Mr. Taylor announced mate in	
eight moves!		Laughable enough.	

FAST.—The quickest time yet made between New York and Portland by steamboat, is claimed for the steamer New Brunswick, which arrived at the last named port at 5:30, P. M., on April 25th from New York, making the trip in twenty-five hours.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—Your 17th move, (19 to 23,) stands corrected. Your opponent has written for instructions. We trust this explanation will be entirely satisfactory to both of you, the error being merely typographical. In fact, any player tolerably conversant with the numbers, must perceive what was intended.

BLYTHE, Middleport.—See remarks to Acceptance—19 to 23 was the move forwarded. See replies to your other questions in the general notices to correspondents.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—We sincerely hope that "something may turn up," and shall anxiously await further progress. Will try to obtain a copy of the paper for you. Glad to learn that you like the CLIPPER.

EXPRESS, New York.—Your card this week. See remarks of Mr. Spayth.

CHALES GIFNERSON, Temperanceville.—Your Position, White kings on 9, 10, 25, and 26, and White men on 22, 23, and 24, and Black kings on 1, 2, and 19, Black men on 5, 17, 29, 32, and 28, is faulty. Please examine and report.

A. B. S., Brampton, C. W.—Your Position appears this week. The strategy is very fine. Try fewer pieces next time, and our word for it, you will make an improvement.

CARD FROM HENRY SPAYTH, AUTHOR OF THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER.—"Buffalo, April 28, 1862.—DRAUGHT ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: Having been ready and willing for ten years past, (it is well known,) to play all comers for the Championship, and for from $100 to $1000, and not having been beaten a match during that time, I concluded a few weeks ago to announce that I was no longer open to play for money, or leave home to play, as will be seen by the following card:

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Buffalo, Feb. 26, 1862.—ED. CLIPPER—Dear Sir: To relieve your correspondents of any further controversy about the Championship, as far as I am concerned, I will state my present position. I am willing to play any one I may meet, for the Championship only. Skill must win it and nothing else. Yours truly, HENRY SPAYTH.

Referring all to the above card, who have, since its publication, appeared so anxious to play me for a wager, I remain,
Yours truly, HENRY SPAYTH.

MORE CHAMPIONSHIP TALK.—N. Y., April 8, 1862.—ED. CLIPPER: I noticed an inquiry in your paper a few weeks ago of "Many Readers," to know when Mr. Spayth challenged for $1000, &c. Mr. Spayth never challenged to play for the Championship, and $1000, at least through the CLIPPER, the long established Draught organ of America. In 1855, '56, and '57, Mr. Drysdale, of this city, visited several of our cities, played and won of all comers. During his stay in Buffalo, of some weeks, he played thirty-two games with Mr. Spayth; Drysdale won fourteen, Spayth two, and drawn sixteen. On his return in May 1857, he issued a challenge to play any player in the United States for the Championship and a stake of from $200 to $1000. This challenge stood open for nearly two years and a half, or until October, 1859, but was not accepted. He then withdrew his challenge. Mr. Spayth remained "mum" all this time, but as soon as Drysdale's challenge was withdrawn, he then steps up and now claims to be the "Great Unbeaten Draught Champion of America." With what show of right he claims it, I would refer "Many Readers" to my "Card of Deeds" in the CLIPPER of February 22d, and to Spayth's own Card of March 8th, wherein he admits he dare not challenge.
Yours truly, EXPRESS.

GAME No. 4—VOL. X.

Communicated by H. SPAYTH.

MARTINS VS. M'KENON.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black, M'Kerrow.		White, Martins.		Black, M'Kerrow.		White, Martins.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 18	20..28	to 32	12	to 8
2..15	22	25	18	21..32	27	8	3
3.. 8	11	29	25	22..27	23	3	7
4.. 4	8	24	20	23.. 1	6	7	2
5..10	15	25	22	24..23	19	22	17
6..15	19	23	16	25.. 9	13	2	9
7..12	19	27	23	26..13	22	9	14
8.. 8	12	23	16	27..19	23	14	17
9..12	19	31	27	28..22	26	17	22
10.. 3	8	27	23	29..26	31	21	17
11.. 8	12	23	16	30..23	19	22	18
12..12	19	32	27(1)	31..31	27	17	14
13.. 6	10	27	23	32..19	23	18	22
14..11	16	20	11	33..23	19	22	18
15.. 7	16	18	15	34..19	16	18	15
16.. 9	14	15	6	35..27	24	15	10
17.. 2	9	23	18	36..16	11	14	9
18..14	23	28	24	37.. 5	14	10	17
19..19	28	26	12	First Game drawn.			
			(1)				
12..		21	17	22.. 5	9	27	24
13.. 6	10	17	14	23..17	22	19	16
14..10	17	22	6	24..11	15	16	11
15.. 1	10	18	14	25..22	26	11	7
16..10	17	26	22	26..26	31	7	2
17..17	26	30	16	27..31	27	2	6
18.. 7	10	16	7	28.. 9	13	6	10
19.. 2	11	28	24	29..15	18	24	19
20..10	14	24	19	30..27	24	19	15
21..14	17	32	27	31..24	19	15	11

Third Game drawn.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 4—VOL. X.

BY JAMES H. BURNHAM.

White.		Black.	
1..26	22	18	25
2..27	23	20	27
3..11	15	10	26
4..32	30	21	17
5..30	11, and wins.		

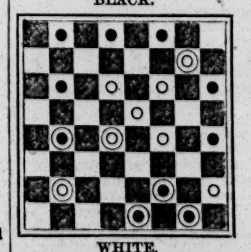
SOLUTION OF STURGES' 70th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..20	16	19	10
2..11	7, and wins.		

POSITION No. 5—Vol. X.

BY A. B. S.

BLACK.

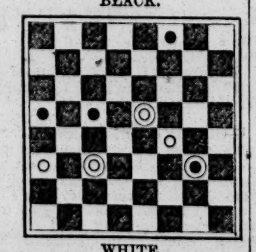


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 71st POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
16..15	19	26	22
17..19	23*	22	15
18..23	27		

* Not 19 to 22; which was a typographical error.

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black—Mary.		White—W. S. K.	
19.. 5	9	11	8
20.. 9	14	8	4
21..17	21		

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
5..16	23	27	18
6.. 7	16		

THE TROTTING CAMPAIGN COMMENCED.—On Wednesday, 30th ult., a trot took place on the course of the Fashion Pleasure Ground Association for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons. The animals taking part therein were Gilt, Lady Lincoln, Tom Murphy, and Nimble Dick. The latter did not show his agility, and Tom Murphy backed down after the first heat, which was won by Gilt. This placed Gilt altogether in the foreground in the betting, which was very limited fifty to one being the quotation, which appeared quite justifiable as the Lady was nowhere in the race, and Gilt was finally guilty of winning the race and the "gilt" in three straight heats, as per summary appended:—

WEDNESDAY, April 30, purse $100, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons.

D. Tallman entered s m Gilt..... 1 1 1
F. J. Nodine entered s m Lady Lincoln..... 2 2 2
H. Woodruff entered s g Tom Murphy..... 3 drawn.
S. McLaughlin entered s g Nimble Dick..... Drawn.
Time, 2:51¼; 2:49; 2:57¾.

Some alterations have been made in the Course since last season, and others are spoken of.

JUNIOR CRICKETERS.—A convention of Junior Cricket Players of Philadelphia, will be held on May 20th, in that city, to devise a method for the better organization of clubs in Philadelphia and vicinity, and to form rules for match games.

MEN, MANNERS AND THINGS IN ENGLAND,

AS SEEN BY AN AMERICAN.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY EDWIN JAMES.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FOUR.

A DAY AMONG SPORTING CELEBRITIES.—HOW FOOT RACES ARE MANAGED IN ENGLAND.

In company with Messrs. George Newbold, Howard, of *Bell's Life;* Charley Westhall, and Harry Reed, of the *Sporting Life;* I witnessed my first race in England on March 24. How we all got together was more by accident than design, and occurred in this wise: I called on Newbold at noon, after a pic[illegible]re, got an introduction to Howard, who happened in by chance, and nothing would do but we must go and "smile;" first we patronized Publican Scott, just below Newbold's, and were served by one of the most bewitching brunettes in London—a lady with such dazzling black eyes and artless expression, that that one can never forget her appearance if he lived as long as Old Parr; the landlord of this house paid £800 cash down, for good will, etc., or $4,000! This will be a bit of information to your lunch-room and bar owners, for to me the amount seems very extraordinary, indeed, as the stock and fixtures wouldn't begin to compare with the "Crystal," in Grand street, near Bowery, nor Dick Van Houten's on Eighth Avenue. From Mr. Scott's we "saw" Mace, not the Gipsey Pug and Fiddler, but another Mace, noted as a great connoisseur in sherry: here we met Reed and Westhall, just returned from a fight, comparing notes: Charley had a field glass slung over his shoulder, which he uses to spy out the "bobbies" in order to be ready and cut stick when they get too close or familiar: strange to say, they intended going to Brompton, too, so while we were sipping sherry, Newbold quietly slipped outside for a cab, and then gave the office for us to make ourselves agreeable by jumping inside: Howard, Westhall, Newbold and I, took possession inside, while Reed mounted alongside the driver, to "have a look at the pretty gals"—ungrateful monster, wasn't he, with a "gude wife and children fair" within half an hour's walk, —this is what your lady readers will say, but personally I've no fault to find with Reed, for we all like to see handsome women, from Jimmy Buchanan to G. L. Fox, or any other sinner. For a wonder, the weather was delightfully warm, although the day before was just the contrary; to give an idea of what sort of climate prevails here, I swear to goodness there's been nothing but fog, damp, and rain since last October; it's perfectly awful—nothing but mud and slush, dirt and grease—everybody carries umbrellas as they would a latch-key, and nine-tenths wear leather leggings all the year round—you get your boots blacked in one street, and they want doing over again in the next—a fortune alone might be spent with boot-blacks, for the pesky varmints swarm as much when it pours as when the sun shines, which is rare indeed: Old Sol has been visible about six times in the same number of months. So much for the weather: now for how we got to Brompton—"five gay boys on the road to Brompton." Down the Strand to Charing Cross, and along Picadilly, where all the "jukes" and "big bugs" reside, into Brompton Road, stopping at Thistle Grove Lane, where Mr. John Roberts' running grounds are situated. I was much better pleased with the interior in comparison to Hackney Wick, referred to in a former letter, for the arrangements were first rate: on the right, the reserved seats are fixed under an extensive shed, into which none have admission except from direct order, or an extra bob or two: around one half the circuit, a hill has been constructed, enabling all to see perfectly well, no matter how great the number; the track is hard, level, and covered with a kind of black slack, and the whole strongly fortified with a substantial wooden railing. The track itself only occupies about half the inclosure, thus giving plenty of room for other sports, as the Cocoa-Nut game, gymnastics, jumping, etc. At one corner the Proprietor keeps his hotel, consisting of three rooms—not very extensive, to be sure, but he does a slashing business as a publican, nevertheless; his parlor was not such as one would care to make a home, nor even invite Anna Maria for an ice-cream or mint-julep—it was "kinder rough," with a few faded old prints of Bill Seward, Billy Howitt, Charley Westhall, M.D., and a terrific representation (?) of the late Renton Nicholson as Chief Baron, surrounded by the judges of his Society. Roberts himself is a fresh-looking, fair-haired Anglo-Saxon, sporting a pair of very shaggy whiskers, something like those on Barnum's Bearded Lady; they sadly need trimming, only I didn't feel at liberty to tell him so. That he is a popular man, nobody can deny, or there would never have collected between three and four thousand persons at Brompton while a much more exciting affair took place the same afternoon at Jack Garratt's, Wandsworth Lane, viz: jumping 500 hurdles by Myers and Priestley.

By the bustle and hurry-scurry towards five P.M., I saw the time was drawing near, and darted out to find my friends: among such an assembly it was like looking for a needle in a haystack, or a disinterested politician: so I secured a good place, trusting to meet somebody after the race. The "Norwich Milk Boy," Brighton, a dark, sharp-featured old cove (he is said to be 35), with his head cropped in the French style, and having an overcoat over his running dress, just appeared, amid loud cheering, attended by Bill Lang, *alias* "Cowcatcher," and took a preliminary canter half round the course. "He'll do," shouted his numerous partisans, and the betting commenced at 2 and 3 to 1 on the Milk Boy. Soon after, his opponent, Jones, of Islington, a pale-faced, curly-haired young fellow, made his *entree*, waited on by Jesse Smith, of the Proud Peacock, Maiden Lane, a short, thick-set little man, with side whiskers, hair combed behind his ears Dutch fashion, dressed in a suit of grey; with Jones also came his wife and three "kids," as they call children here, and were led to a seat inside the rails; then Harry Reed, Howard, Westhall, Roberts, Holt, (of *Bell's Life,*) the referee, and a couple more personally unknown, stepped inside, and the two athletes about to run for the four-mile champion belt and fifty "quid," proceeded to doff every vestige of clothing except the usual hip-girdle and spiked shoes: as they stood receiving the final polish from their squires, a buz of admiration arose at the wonderful condition of Brighton, who trained on Turkish baths—his back bulged out like a sack of "Irish oranges," while his legs and arms were models of muscular beauty; of Jones, though in good form, little can be said, as he looked beaten before running a peg. At this crisis a host of celebrities passed into the reserved portion, including Deerfoot, Bob Fuller, Billy Howitt, (American Deer,) Miles, Spooner, Jem Handley, and the "Demon of Pedestrianism," little Teddy Mills, matched to run fifty miles at Hackney Wick with Spooner. Everything being ready, at 5 o'clock precisely, having got the word, "Go!" off they went at a slashing pace, with Brighton two feet ahead: for the first three laps the men never lost step, and a prettier sight is seldom seen, even here, where racing is so common, as when they were coming down the fourth turning like clock work—move for move, step for step, without a shade between them, they kept up the steam until the fourth lap, when Jones made a desperate effort to pass his man, answered by a lightning spurt from Brighton, and poor Jonesy had yards instead of feet to make up; at this point the race became very exciting, the partisans of each man fairly roaring words of cheer and encouragement; first Roberts would run a lap alongside Jones, then Jesse Smith, to force his speed to its utmost, but it was all U.P., as Jones shook his head and beckoned them off; the forcing didn't suit him at all, but on the contrary sent the Milk Boy flying, and after ten laps, Jones had to give up dead beat, at which Lang was so happy and gay, he gave an imitation of Deerfoot's war-whoop, and flung two soda bottles in mid-air, to the great astonishment and terror of us all, because we knew they had to come down again, and nobody wanted to stop their fall by his knob; I can excuse Mr. Lang this time through over-excitement, provided he behaves better in future. This didn't end the race, however, although Jones begged Brighton to give up, for he was satisfied; not so the betters, they wanted to win their money, so Brighton very properly run the whole distance, the time occupied being 21 min. 56 sec.; this would certainly have been better had Jones kept up till the finish, for they made their first mile in 4 min. 32 sec., and two miles in 9 min. 36 sec.: Brighton's friends contended that had Jones forced it all through, Norwich would figure four miles inside the twenties, and if I may judge by the wonderful speed and freshness manifested the last quarter, Brighton could have performed as above argued. To complete four miles, sixteen circuits were necessary, at 440 yards to the circuit. Thus finished the great four-mile race, an account of which you got two weeks ago, but this may still be read as including my rambling about London in search of "subjects."

As I expected, we all got together afterwards in the hotel, Westhall staying there, (he lives within a stone's throw,) Reed and Holt, of the Rivals, jogged along arm-in-arm, Bob Fuller (Sayers' trainer for his last essay on pugilism) took leg-bail, Jem Handley (whom Sayers presented with a diamond ring) did the grand behind a fast pony of his own, Deerfoot stalked off with Teddy Mills, laughing and talking in unbroken English, and Newbold, Howard and myself walked leisurely home through Hyde Park and vicinity, to see the fine buildings; we pased my lord Pam's house, between White Horse and Half-Moon streets, in Picadilly, the late Dutchess of Kent's, Prince of Wales' city residence, Duke of Cambridge's, Buckingham Palace, Carlton Club, Army and Navy, United Service, *et id omne genus,* (whatever that means.) Near the *Field* office, where are three stuffed gorillas that were not shot by H. R. H. Grantley Berkeley, who was afraid to put on the gloves with our handsome champion, John C. Heenan (now performing with Howes' Circus in Birmingham), we stopped and had an oyster supper: I shouldn't have mentioned this only as a first experiment on English bivalves; but never crave for them, fellow citizens—they're so small and dear that a person could eat six dozen and still feel unsatisfied. I prefer one good stew from Fulton market to a hundred Brittish "insignificants." Believing you are getting tired of this subject, as I confess I am, suppose we shake hands and depart to our respective abodes. 'Tis done: Exit Paul Bedford's Double (Howard) towards Drury Lane; exit "the man that never shaved" (Newbold) to 204 Strand; and exit the handsome (heaven save the mark!) writer to his batchelor lodgings in Percy street.

TWELVE OF THE THINGS I DON'T LIKE TO SEE.

1. One half of the males,—from members of Parliament to 10-bob-a-week counter-jumpers—apeing femininity by having their wool parted down the centre; it's enough to create bile and nausea to have to be waited on by such shystering flunkeys.

2. Public opinion governed by such spiteful, bigoted and pompous harrangues about the Federal Government as appears in the thundering London *Times,* the "hurdy-gurdy" of England.

3. Thousands of great big lazy cusses standing on every street corner, with a broom, to make believe they sweep the crossings.

incessantly tipping their greasy head-gear, with "Got a copper, Guv'nor?" and if you refuse, getting abused in true St. Giles slang.

4. The liveried waiters in hotels, dining-rooms, concert-halls, etc., etc., dressed much better than common folks can afford, crooking their greasy idea-pots, and begging you to "remembaw the waitaw" after you have paid almost double New York fare already for value received: it's all a person can do to keep from punching their heads—a fact.

5. Certain well-dressed "strangers" inquiring to be shown such-and-such a street, then ringing in a conversation and inviting a person to have a drink, afterwards a game of skittles, and so forth; this "school" selected me once or twice, but after drinking their ale, I guessed it was time to cut it and bolted accordingly—am never troubled by 'em now, but plenty are though.

6. About five hundred (more or less) vagrant men, women, and children rushing indiscriminately, when a cab stops, to open the door and get a copper thereby from the party inside, or give him a blast for his stinginess if he doesn't "part," as the sporting oracles say.

7. Peddlers annoying one to buy stay-laces, side-combs, garters, belts, broaches, and a dozen other articles of female apparel: what do we bachelors want with their trash, I should like to know?

8. Nondescript creatures poking little hand-bills about "nervous debility and its causes" under strangers' noses every dozen yards: it looks very bad for London that white-livered quacks can afford to flood the city with men who do nothing but distribute their insulting circulars—somebody must patronize them, that's certain.

9. A number of public streets made markets of, and blockaded with hand-carts, donkey carts, wheelbarrows and baskets, containing cabbages, brocoli, fish, oysters, oranges, etc., all sending up their different aromas, and the proprietors raising a perfect "bedlam" of confusion that nobody can understand except the everlasting "Buy, buy, buy!" Government ought to build more markets, or make them take out licenses, for they ruin many a storekeeper by underselling.

10. A gang of "disreputables" hanging around Lower Serles street, Temple Bar, the very heart of the city, shocking tradesmen and strangers by their obscene remarks; a regular army of Amazons infest this spot all day, well-known to the police, and yet no efforts are made to abate the offensive nuisance.

11. The numerous houses about Leicester Square and the Haymarket licensed to sell liquor all night long, and frequented by imbecile foppish snobs, who think they're some punkins by parting with more than they can earn honestly on a set of bedizened Jezebels getting silly drunk, and making night hideous by their murderous singing. It would be just the same thing if a dozen of your Broadway hotel bars were licensed night-houses, where the depraved of both sexes might frequent, get beastly drunk, and do almost as they wished so long as the money lasted. In vain have respectable citizens presented petition after petition to have this crying evil, "licensed night houses," done away with—the keepers are too familiar with certain officials, I guess, and "that's what's the matter."

12. The pompous attempts at dignity of the Blue Noses when asked a question by a badly-dressed man or woman, in contrast with the lick-spittle gallantry to the same species when arrayed in broadcloth, purple and fine linen. London Police may be very well as a class, and there are many good men in the force, but that is no reason why even a single individual should put on unnatural airs; I've seen so many of this kidney that I have a right to find fault with them, for they are nobodies after all, out of livery, and being paid to be respectful and polite to all, the black sheep bring disgrace on those who know their position as public servants, and how to behave into the bargain.

There now are a dozen of things none of us like to see, and I might add another dozen, but fancy you have had *quantum suff* for the present—in my next we will change the subject.

DRAMATIC AND OTHER SKETCHES.

NEW SERIES.—NUMBER FOUR.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

ARTHUR EDWARD SHELDEN SEGUIN.

Born in London, April 7th, 1809. He was a member of the London Academy of Music, from which he retired in 1830, having gained all the honors of the Academy. In the following year he made his first appearance on the English stage at the Queen's Theatre, Tottenham Street, London, then under the management of McFarren. It was February 3d, 1831, that he made his *debut* as Polyphemus, in Handel's "Alis and Galatea."

In 1838, he came to this country and made his first appearance on the American stage, October 15th, at the old National Theatre, New York, as General Von du Zelmar, in the opera of "Amelie." He subsequently visited the principal cities of the United States, and maintained an excellent reputation as a bass singer and comic actor. Made his first appearance in Philadelphia, January 14th, 1839, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Count Rodolpho, in "La Sonnambula. Died at his residence in White Street, New York, December 13th, 1852.

At the time of his death he was a favorite member of the Lyceum Company. He had been unwell for some time, and had become quite thin and emaciated, though his voice had lost little of its power. While at rehearsal, he was observed to become suddenly ill and faint. He was immediately taken in a carriage, and put to bed, which he never left till his death. His disease was an affection of the heart.

Mr. Seguin's ample voice far surpassed any thing of the kind that has been heard in English opera in this country; his representation of the Count was excellent, and the great song of the part, "As I view now these scenes," was given with great feeling, and in a style that has never been equalled.

MRS. A. E. SEGUIN.

Maiden name Ann Child. Born in London; made her first appearance on the stage, at a grand concert given by the Philharmonic Society in London; was a member of the Italian Opera House, London, for over three years. In 1836, she made her first appearance at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, in the Opera of "Fidelio;" first appeared on the American stage, October 15th, 1838, at the National Theatre, Church Street, New York, in the Italian opera of "Il Barbierre di Siviglio." Travelled as a Star throughout the United States, and became a great favorite.

Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, November 4th, 1839, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Linda, in "Der Freyschutz." She retired from the stage and took a number of pupils under instruction, in the City of New York. On the 19th of June, 1858, she sailed for England, on a tour of pleasure. At present living in retirement in New York.

WILLIAM H. SMITH.

Right name Sedley—was born in Montgomeryshire, North Wales, Dec. 4th, 1806. Left home, a mere lad, to fight his way in the world. Assuming the name of Smith, he applied to Mr. Crisp, then manager of Shrewsbury Theatre, England, for the situation of call-boy, and was accepted; in a short time began to play minor parts. In 1822, he obtained his first regular engagement, at the Theatre Royal, Lancaster, as walking gentleman. In 1824, he filled the position of Light comedian and juvenile tragedian at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow. His success was unequivocal, and so rapidly did he obtain popularity, that, in 1827, we find him playing Star engagements. In 1827, he received offers from Messrs. Simpson and Converse of this country, and on the 16th of May, sailed for America, and made his first appearance in June, 1827, at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, as Diddler, in "Raising the Wind," and Lothair, in the "Miller and his Men." So highly were his abilities and talents valued by Mr. Cowell of the Walnut, that in four weeks from his arrival in America, he was appointed by that gentleman as stage manager. In 1828, he opened at the Tremont Theatre, Boston, as Rolando, in "The Honey Moon" at which establishment he was soon appointed stage manager. At the commencement of the season of 1836-37, at the National Theatre, he was engaged by Mr. Pelby for the duties of stage manager.

In 1840, Mr. Smith returned to Philadelphia, and in conjunction with Wm. Dinneford was manager of the Arch Street Theatre.

February, 1843, the Boston Museum commenced giving theatrical representations, and manager Kimball selected Mr. S., as his stage manager. For seventeen years Mr. Smith has held this position to the entire satisfaction of his employer with whom he has ever been a favorite.

As an actor, Mr. Smith has, probably, few equals now upon the stage, As Sir Oliver Surface, Sir Anthony Absolute, Sir Toby Belch, Sir. Robert Bramble, Colonel Hardy, and characters of that class, we doubt if there can be found his superior.

As a stage manager, he is, undoubtedly, one of the best in the country, bringing to its onerous duties a long and tried experience, thorough knowledge of human nature, calm judgment, and a just appreciation of what will best adorn the drama, and prove acceptable to its patrons. He is what may be truly called a self-educated man, and boasts of many accomplishments not usually found united in one person: for instance, he is a good musician, an excellent master of fencing, a fine sparrer, and was in former years an excellent singer and dancer. He has a good knowledge of history, and is well read in the classics. In all that pertains to the drama, we doubt if there can easily be found his equal in information.

In his later years, Mr. Smith has assumed the duties of a teacher in his "noble art," and has now pupils on the stage of whom the world speaks fairly. Surrounded by hosts of true friends, and possessed of a competence for his after life, Mr. Smith can look proudly back on the struggles through which he has passed.

Early thrown upon his own resources for support, without any assistance from influential friends, and poor in purse as he was young in years, his present position and his sterling reputation are striking illustrations of what energy, estimating and availing itself of the true value of time, can accomplish, even under the most adverse circumstances.

SOL. SMITH.

Solomon Franklin Smith was born in Norwich, Chenango County, New York, April 20th, 1801, and made his first appearance on the stage in 1819, at Vincennes, Indiana, as Dan, in "John Bull," and Numpo, in "'Tis all a Farce." First appeared in New York, as a "star," at the Park Theatre, in 1835, as Mawworm, in "The Hypocrite." Made his *debut* in Philadelphia Sept. 15th, 1835, at the Walnut Street Theatre, as Mawworm. In 1852, was manager of the St. Charles' Theatre, New Orleans.

As a low comedian, he was one of the greatest favorites ever seen *in the Western country*. Was manager and actor in the South and West for thirty years. Retired partially from the stage in 1853. Practices occasionally at the bar—of which he is a member—and once in a while plays a star engagement in the South. He has written two volumes of "Recollections," which has had an immense sale. He and his old partner (Ludlow) reside permanently in St. Louis.

Notwithstanding Mr. Smith was a great favorite in the West, he was a very poor low comedian, possessing not the least particle of originality. Mr. Smith, if we recollect aright, never appeared but once at the Park Theatre, New York, his *debut* proving a dead failure, and he was withdrawn by the management, as incompetent as a "star" for that popular theatre.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

April 22.—Nobby Hall and C. Wilkinson—£50 a side, at 9st 6lb.
22.—Lavery and M'Cartney—£25 a side, North Brittain.
29.—Jesse Hatton and Micky Gannon—£50 a side, at catch-weight, Home Circuit.
29.—Fred Fisher and T. Brannan—£10 a side, 9st 3lb, Birmingham.
29.—Cook and Kenny—£15 a side, 8st 9lb, Birmingham.
May 6.—Peter Morris and John Hartley—£25 a side, at 8st, London.
6.—Marley and Welsh—£25 a side. Welsh to be 9st 3lb, and Marley 10st.
8.—Evans and Jones—£20 a side, at catch-weight. Western Circuit.
21.—Hammer Davis and Tom Brown—£5 a side, Birmingham.

RENEWAL OF THE FIGHT
BETWEEN
HARRY ALLEN AND M. PHELAN, FOR £50.

According to the order of the referee, these men met again at an early hour on Saturday morning, April 12, at a station, no great distance from the hardware village, to renew hostilities. After traversing the lanes for a mile or so, a convenient spot was found whereon to pitch the ring. Phelan, who had that morning only arrived from Manchester, came unprovided with sponge, basin, and all other necessaries. He was, therefore, compelled to send a man to procure them, and was, consequently, accused by Allen's friends of sending for the police! While the ropes and stakes were being pitched, Phelan and one of his seconds were leaving the ground, and was ordered by the referee to be in the ring in half an hour. This time he cut very fine indeed, only just saving it, while Allen was loudly calling on the referee to decide in his favor, saying that Phelan did not mean fighting. All these little matters being smoothed away, the men got within the ring and began stripping. Phelan was attended by a Birmingham Bung and a Manchester friend, and had for his colors a cream-colored handkerchief, with crimson border and flower. Allen's colors were a blue handkerchief, with a white sprig. He had the same seconds as on Wednesday. Allen won the toss for choice of corners, and, having shaken hands, they were delivered at the scratch at four minutes past eight for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On putting themselves in attitude, very few marks of the encounter on Wednesday were visible; Allen had a slight abrasion on the bridge of the nose, and the right side of his forehead grazed; while, beyond a slight discoloration of the left eye, Phelan was unmarked, although one hand of each man was "puffed," and Phelan complained of his left shoulder, which was hurt in falling from the window of the railway carriage, in his escape from the "blues" on Wednesday. Both sparred cautiously for some time, neither seeming inclined to lead off, each in turn feinting and breaking ground. At length Morris led off with the left, but was short, and another bout of sparring ensued. They again got within distance, and each countered at the same moment, Phelan on the nose, Allen heavily on the throat, leaving a mark. Phelan now let go his left, which reached Allen's right eye, and repeated the dose on the nose, removing the scar, and drawing first blood. This brought them to a close, in which some determined in-fighting took place, until Allen was forced down.

2. Both up eagerly to the call of time, but, on facing each other, pursued the same cautious tactics as at the commencement. Allen offered with his left; Morris got away laughing, but, in doing so, ran against a middle stake, and was nearly down, but, quickly recovering himself, he jumped at Allen, and delivered his left on the forehead, knocking off the old sore; Allen returned with his right on the ribs. They then countered slightly, Allen on the side of the head, Phelan on the nose, and in a second attempt each was stopped. After a little more sparring Allen got his left again on the throat; Morris returned on the body, and they got together in Allen's corner, and punching was the order, until Phelan slipped back from the force of his own blow.

3. The men had now warmed to their work, and began fighting fast. Phelan's nose looked flushed, while Allen was bleeding from the forehead and nose. Allen was short with his left, and napped it in return on the nose, and each then made the left on the same organ. Allen closed, and after some slogging exchanges, Phelan threw him a cross-buttock and fell on him.

4. Both up at the same moment. Allen lost no time in getting to work; he led off with the left, but was stopped; some sparring ensued, during which the men had a little friendly chaff, and then a walk round the ring. They again got at it, and each delivered a spank on the nose. Allen was then short at the body, and Phelan hit him on the nose with the left, but there was no steam in it. Phelan popped his left on the mark, and Allen on his favorite place—the throat—leaving another mark of his knuckles. They got together, and fought to the ropes, when, in the struggle for the fall, Phelan slipped down and jumped up to renew the round, but the seconds interfered and took their men to their corners.

5. No sooner were they up, than Morris dashed his left on the mark, and Allen's return went over Phelan's shoulder. They at once clinched, and Allen got the crook on, when Phelan, to prevent the throw, put his hand across Allen's face, and they came together to the ground. An appeal was made, on the ground that Phelan attempted to gouge his man, but the men were ordered to "fight on."

6. Phelan up first. He delivered his right on Allen's ear, drawing blood. He got away from the return, and, after harmless exchanges of blows, they broke away, and on again getting within distance, Phelan made his left on the body, Allen countering him sharply on the nose. Morris feinted, but finding his opponent was prepared, ran away round the ring, Allen after him. Morris turned, a sharp exchange of blows took place, and Allen was down.

7. Allen was the first to come up to time, and on showing at the scratch he was bleeding from the nose, ear, and a slight cut under the right eye. Phelan's left eye was swollen, and the left side of his face and nose flushed. After some sparring and feinting, they rushed to a close, which ended in both being down.

8. Both came merrily up to time, and Morris at once delivered his left on the mark, when Allen rushed to in-fighting. Some rattling exchanges, in which Jack was as good as his master. They got to the ropes, and, after a brief struggle, both were down.

9. Allen was the first to obey the call of time, quickly followed by Phelan, who let out his left at the nose, and jumped back for Harry's return; they then sparred, and Phelan, creeping within distance, delivered his left bang on the mark: Allen countered him on the side of the head with the right; a merry rally, in which Allen by some means got hung across the ropes, face downwards, with his head outside the ring, his feet not touching the ground, and one hand only on the ground. In this position, he was struck very slightly by Phelan, who, in leaning over to reach his opponent's head, forced him to the ground. An appeal was made that Phelan had hit Allen while both hands were touching the ground, but it was not persevered in, as it was quite groundless.

10. Phelan looked particularly flushed about the nose and mouth, and Allen's *os frontis* betrayed unmistakeable marks of punishment. Phelan landed his left on the nose; Allen directly went to him, and they fibbed away at each other until both were down. 25 min. had now elapsed.

11. Phelan the first to force the fighting, by getting his left on the face; Allen returned with his right; they closed, and after a smart rally, Phelan threw Allen.

12. No sooner had they faced each other than they countered, Phelan on the forehead, Allen on the ribs; they repeated the dose, and, in some rapid exchanges, Morris sent Allen to grass by a flush hit on the jaw.

13. Both unmistakeably bent on mischief commenced fighting directly they faced each other; after a merry rally they clinched, and in the fall Allen was under.

14. Good counter-hits, Allen on the mouth, Morris on the left eye; this brought them to close quarters, and some good half-arm hitting, until Allen slipped down. Time, 31 min.

15 to 20. Allen in all these rounds was first up, and the same tactics were pursued by each, neither man flinching from punishment. Phelan was the first to lead off, but Allen was always "there," and each round ended in a determined rally, in which neither left off fighting until one or both were down. In the last of these rounds another appeal was made by Allen's seconds that Phelan was trying to gouge, but the referee said "Fight on," although he told Phelan to be careful.

21. Both came up blowing, and the ring by this time had got in so very bad a state that the men had a difficulty in standing, which made the work of getting about very "heavy." Phelan, after a little manœuvering, got within range, and let go his left at the nose; Allen returned the compliment by a smack on the mouth, but he hit open-handed, and did no mischief. This brought on more half-armed hitting, during which they fought to the ropes, and in struggling for the fall, both were down. In falling, Allen's right shoulder came in violent contact with the stakes.

22. Allen first up, and, after a slight exchange of blows, was knocked down by a hit from Phelan's right.

23 was a good one for Allen, who did not seem to relish the knock-down in the previous round, at once went to his man and led off with his left, but was short; Morris returned on the nose; they got together and fought to the ropes, when Phelan knocked Allen through them.

24 to 27 were of the same character, Phelan leading off, and getting on the nose and forehead, Allen returning on the ribs and mouth. But the punishment was anything but severe, as each man was suffering from an injured shoulder, and their hands were also very much puffed; nevertheless, both fought with the greatest determination, standing up manfully, and delivering hit for hit with the utmost gameness. Each round was finished by a fine rally, and Allen down in all. Time, 55 min.

28. Fast fighting. Phelan led off at the nose; Allen countered him on the ribs, when they fought left and right to a close, and in the fall both were down.

29. After an exchange of blows, they closed, and in struggling for the throw, both slipped down.

30. Morris took the initiative by planting his favorite left on the nose; Allen, not to be denied, rushed to in-fighting, and, after an exchange of blows, they closed, and both were down. Time, 1 hour.

31. Phelan (who was slow to time) led off with the left, but was stopped; in a second attempt with the same hand, he got home on the nose; Allen countered him on the left side of the face; some rapid smacks exchanged at half-arm distance, and after a short tussle for the throw, both were down.

32 was similar to the last, Phelan being the first to lead off, Allen immediately closing, and each fibbing away with right good-will, until they embraced mother earth.

33. Both much exhausted from the heavy nature of the ground, and the fast fighting. They sparred for wind, Morris keeping at a respectful distance. They at last got within shot; Phelan feinted with his left, but Allen broke ground, and got away. They then neared each other, and exchanged blows. Allen down.

34. Phelan tried his left, which only just reached Allen's nose; the latter closed, and, to avoid the throw, got down.

35. Both weak, and their hands quite gone, though each was as game as a pebble. Phelan put in a little one on the nose; Allen countered on the ribs; they closed, and Allen was down.

36. On time being called, both came up with alacrity; but they stood looking at each other in the middle of the ring; Phelan asked for something to drink; a bottle containg sherry was given to him, which, after nodding to Allen, he drank from, and then handed it to Allen, who went through the same performance, saying "Good health, Morris." They then put up their hands, and after a slight exchange of blows, both were down, side by side.

37. Both came up to time. Allen stood in the middle of the ring, while Phelan walked round, rubbing his shoulder. The seconds, seing that each man was so disabled that he could not go in and finish the other, held a consultation, which ended in their putting the men together, making them shake hands, and agree to draw, after having fought 1 hour 15 min.

REMARKS

on the above contest can be but few. Each did his utmost to secure victory, and that they are thorough game ones there can be no question, for they took their punishment without the least attempt to shirk it. They fought, altogether, in a most manly manner. Phelan, although very clever, has a way of jumping in, and striking with the heel of his hand instead of the knuckles, thus not punishing sufficiently. Allen (being very young), when a year or two more have passed over his head, and his frame has got more set, will doubtless be heard of to better advantage. The backers of both are satisfied with the way in which they acquitted themselves, and intend giving each man the stakes, also paying them for their colors.

GAME AND DETERMINED FIGHT,
BETWEEN
E. DWYER AND J. HURLEY, FOR £10.

On Tuesday, April 15, a rattling and determined fight took place, in the home circuit, at a well-known spot down the river, for a small stake, between a couple of novices, of the name of John Hurley and Edward Dwyer. The amount contended for was £5 a side, and at catch-weight. Neither of the men had been in the ring before, but having had a quarrel, they determined to settle the difference in a regular fair fight for a sovereign, according to the recognized rules of the ring, which battle came off eight weeks since, when, after fighting for one hour and forty minutes, during which thirty rounds were gamely contested, the authorities put in an appearance, and they were forced to draw. As neither were satisfied, they found friends to increase the stakes to a fiver a side, and the present contest was the result. Both men took great care of themselves, and had all the training the time and money could afford. Dwyer took his breathings at Fulham, and Hurley at Wandsworth. E. Dwyer is twenty-one years of age, stands 5ft. 7½in. in height, and weighs about 9st 10lb, and is a bricklayer's laborer. J. Hurley is twenty-six years of age, 5ft. 6½in. in height, and weighs about 9st 2lb, and is a hammerman by trade. The ring was pitched about half-past three o'clock, and Dwyer was the first to throw in his cap, having a couple of well-known parties for his seconds. Hurley was soon after him, also having a brace of proficients at his back as his adviser. The usual peliminaries having been arranged, they commenced proceedings at thirty-seven minutes past three for

THE FIGHT.

In the first round they sparred for some time, the attitude of Dwyer being much more artistic. Hurley stood with his legs wide apart, and slightly bent, the left shoulder held very high, and the right well across the body. Not a bet had been laid until this time, when a few sovs. were invested at evens. When they did get to work, the exchanges and counters were of a very lively character, although not delivered with a precision of a master of the art. As youth will be served, Dwyer took a decided lead, getting the first blood from the left eye in the first round, and afterwards improving his advantage, either fought Hurley down or obliged him to get down to avoid being thrown. Notwithstanding these apparent advantages on the part of Dwyer, the "old 'un," as his partisans called him, kept continually nibbling, which did anything but improve the left side of Dwyer's face. In the twenty-third round, Dwyer knocked Hurley down by a left-hander on the mouth. No important change until forty-five rounds had been fought, when Hurley recovered from the weakness he had suffered in the other portion of the mill, and administered several severe left-handers on Dwyer's mouth, nose, and left eye, almost closing the latter. Dwyer, by the advice of his seconds, tried to force the fighting, and in every round got heavily on his opponent's body, receiving on the head; and every round was concluded by Hurley either falling or being thrown. A good and even contest during the remainder of the fight, it being youth and strength with two bad eyes, against weakness and good eyesight. Both came up eagerly to time, and followed the advice of their seconds to the letter, Hurley fighting on the retreat to allow Dwyer's eyes to close, and Dwyer endeavoring to force the fighting, until the eighty-sixth round, when, in a scramble at the ropes, Dwyer threw Hurley a back-fall, his head striking the ground heavily. On being carried to his corner, the brave fellow was found to be insensible, and unable to answer the call of time. The sponge was therefore thrown up, and Dwyer proclaimed the victor, after fighting 2 hours and 12 min. Every care was taken of Hurley, who was taken to London as soon as possible, and taken to Guy's Hospital for advice, as he had not even then come to thorough consciousness.

Goss vs Price.—Joe Goss is surprised at Posh Price and others challenging him, and then not arranging terms. Joe Goss will fight any man in the world at 10st 7lb, for £200 a side; or George King, at catch-weight, for £100 or £200 a side.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Deerfoot Wins Again.—Deerfoot's appearance in Lincolnshire was made at Grantham, where he contended on Thursday, April 10, in a six mile match, with Brighton, of Norwich, Lang, of Middlesborough, and Jackson, the American Deer. The scene of the match was the cricket ground, a spacious enclosure, on which about 2,000 spectators assembled to witness the contest. The course, which was marked out with flags, extended over 293 yards 1 foot, and was traversed thirty-six times. Deerfoot appeared as usual in his Indian costume, and his ordinary attire also excited the amazement of the Granthamites. Immediately after the start, Jackson took the lead, Lang being second, and Deerfoot and Brighton close upon them. This order was maintained without change until the fifth lap, when Lang came up with Jackson. Before the close of the fifth lap, however, Jackson had again worked to the front, but he lost his lead in the seventh lap, in which Deerfoot, followed by Brighton and Lang, left him astern. The lead was then taken alternately by the two best men, Brighton and Deerfoot, Lang being third, while Jackson, for whom the pace was too great, lost ground in every lap. When the sixteenth lap had commenced, Deerfoot was still leading, but in the seventeenth lap Brighton came up with him, and the two kept well abreast throughout the round. Lang, who had been falling astern, retired in the course of this lap, and the American Deer, who still held on, was nearly a lap behind. In the twentieth lap, Deerfoot and Brighton were close together, but the latter putting on a spurt, succeeded in leaving the Indian about ten or twelve yards in the rear. In the next two laps, however, Deerfoot recovered this disadvantage, but all three men kept well together during the next five or six laps, although Jackson had by this time lost a whole lap. In the twenty-eighth lap, Deerfoot was leading, when Brighton again passed him, and the "old deer" succeeded by a great effort in working past both of them, to the no small amusement of the spectators. The match now began to approach its close, and Brighton and Deerfoot had soon little difficulty in leaving Jackson further and further behind. At the commencement of the thirty-sixth and final lap, Deerfoot and Brighton were well together, but when they were about half round, Deerfoot put forth his powers, and came in a winner by some twenty yards.

A Two-mile Race.—On Monday, April 14, Hackney Wick was visited by upwards of 1,000 persons, to witness the race of two miles, for £10 a side, between E. Mills, the Demon, and W. Jones, of Islington, the latter receiving a start of 100 yards. The betting opened at 5 to 4, and soon rose to 2 to 1 on Jones, but very little money was speculated. At the appointed hour the men came on the ground, Jones attended by Baines, and Mills by Sam Barker. Harry Read was appointed to fire the pistol, and the men having toed their marks, the signal was given, and away they dashed, Jones making the most of his start, and slashing along at the top of his speed, followed by little Teddy, who, as he passed by the bottom of the ground, was loudly cheered. To complete the distance, they had to pass the winning post thirteen times. As lap succeeded lap, the Little Wonder gradually gained on his opponent, and the excitement became intense. The mile post, seven laps, was passed by Jones in 4min. 27sec., and by Mills in 4min. 36sec. Mills, at this point of the race, had gained about fifty yards. Thus went on lap after lap, Mills gaining at each stride, and the cheers from the spectators became almost deafening. At length, rising the hill in the eleventh lap, the Demon went up to his man, and, entering the straight, went to the front, and in the next lap was leading by twenty yards. Here Jones, completely run out, pulled up, leaving Teddy to finish at his leisure. The mile and a half was done by Jones in 6min. 59sec., and by Mills in 7min. 1sec. Mills, on pulling up, was quite lame, his foot having again given way.

AQUATICS.

OXFORD VS CAMBRIDGE—WINNERS OF THE UNIVERSITIES BOAT RACES FROM 1829 TO 1862.

1829 June 10....Cambridge, Henley.
1836 June 17....Cambridge, Westminster to Putney; 36m.
1839 April 3.....Cambridge, Westminster to Putney; 31m.
1840 April 15....Cambridge, Westminster to Putney; 29½m.
1841 April 14....Cambridge, Westminster to Putney; 32½m.
1842 June 11....Oxford, Westminster to Putney; 30m. 45s.
1845 March 15...Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake; 23½m.
1846 April 3.....Cambridge, Mortlake to Putney, 21m. 5s.
1849 March 29..Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake; 23m.
1849 Dec. 15 ...Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; a foul.
1852 April 3....Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 21m. 36s.
1854 April 8....Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 25m. 20s.
1856 March 15..Cambridge, Mortlake to Putney; 25m. 50s.
1857 April 4....Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 22m. 55s.
1858 March 27..Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake; 21m. 23s.
1859 April 15....Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 24½m., Cambridge swamped.
1860 March 31...Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake; 26m. 5s.
1861 March 23...Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 20m. 45s.
1862 April 12....Oxford, Putney to Mortlake; 23m. 27s.

In addition to the above, the Universities have contended together five times for the Grand Challenge Cup, at Henley Regatta, on which occasions Oxford have been three times the victors—viz., in 1847, 1851, and 1853, and Cambridge twice—viz., in 1845 and 1855, and we believe that Oxford beat Cambridge once at the Royal Thames Regatta.

RACKETS.

Oxford vs. Cambridge.—On Monday, April 14, the Princess' Club was again numerously attended by members as well as visitors from the Universities, to witness the single-handed contest between Messrs. Walker and Ainslie, by the result of which it will be seen that this year the victory that Cambridge has obtained in their racket matches is complete. On the previous Friday, Cambridge won the four-handed match. Messrs. Ainslie and Sainbury winning four games to their opponents' one, the score being:—Cambridge: second game, 15 to 12; third, 15 to 6; fourth, 15 to 11; fifth, 15 to 3. Messrs. Walker and Kennard, Oxford: First game, 15 to 4.

The match on Monday was between Mr. R. D. Walker on the part of Oxford, and Mr. Ainslie for Cambridge; three games out of five. Soon after the commencement of the play, it was apparent that Mr. Ainslie's game was far more finished than when he met his Oxford opponent last year, while Mr. Walker seemed to be not quite in as fine condition as on the previous occasion. The first game Mr. Ainslie won, 15 to 3. In the second there was fine play on both sides; Mr. Ainslie again the winner, 15 to 11. The third and fourth games were both well contested. Mr. Walker, after winning the third, which was set to 3, and obtaining the three aces without Mr. Ainslie scoring, was obliged to yield to his opponent in the next. Fourth game won by Mr. Ainslie, 15 to 12. Cambridge three games to one.

After the conclusion of the University match, Messrs. Dyke and Ainslie were opposed to each other in a four-handed match, which produced some fine play. Mr. Ainslie's side led throughout the first game, and won it 15 to 3. In the next they were even at 10, but did not advance. Second and third games to Mr. Dyke and partner, 15 to 10 and 15 to 5. Mr. Ainslie and partner had the lead at the commencement of the fourth game, being 5 to 0, 7 to 8, 11 to 8, and 15 to 10; this was a finely-contested game, and the play admirable—the match two games all. In the rubber game, Mr. Ainslie's side made 2 aces, their opponents 7 to 2, 8 to 2, 8 to 4, 13 to 4, 15 to 4. Mr. Dyke and partner: second game, 15 to 10; third, 15 to 5; fifth, 15 to 4. Mr. Ainslie and partner: first game 15 to 3; fourth, 15 to 10.

BILLIARDS.

Oxford vs. Cambridge.—The annual match at billiards, 500 up, was played on Friday, April 11, at Roberts' (the Champion) saloon, Saville House, Leicester-square, when Oxford proved victorious, winning by forty-three. Oxford was represented by Messrs. W. E. Stokes and J. Wrily, and Cambridge by Messrs. Collins and Payne. The single billiard match was finished on Saturday night, Mr. Stokes (Oxford) beating Mr. Collins (Cambridge) by 198 points.

Roberts and Bowles.—On Monday evening, April 14, Saville House was numerously attended, to witness one of those exhibitions of splendid billiard playing, with which the public have become familiar since Roberts has been located in the metropolis. In this match Roberts gave his opponent, Bowles, 300 in 1000. At the early part of the game Bowles made some long scores in several breaks, the longest being 130, consequently Roberts made little progress in reducing the odds given. When Bowles was 701, Roberts had scored 455; at 800, 616; at 902, 808; Roberts having made from one break 110, the best part of them by his favorite stroke from the spot. He was much applauded on making some of his finest strokes. The game was won by Bowles, Roberts having obtained 880.

The Match at Pyramids was then commenced, in which Roberts gave one ball. In the first game, Bowles having pocketed one ball in addition to the one given, Roberts, in a break, obtained the rest. He won three other games, and the match.

Broadcloth vs. Health.—Prof. Hamilton, in an able address on hygiene, to the graduates of the Buffalo Medical College, denounced broadcloth as an enemy to exercise, and, therefore, to health. He says:—"American gentlemen have adopted as a national costume, broadcloth—a thin, tight-fitting, black suit of broadcloth. To foreigners, we seem always to be in mourning; we travel in black, we write in black, and we work in black. The priest, the lawyer, the doctor, the literary man, the mechanic, and even the day laborer, choose always the same unvarying, monotonous black broadcloth—a style and material which never ought to have been adopted out of the pulpit, because it is at the North no suitable protection against cold; nor is it indeed any more suitable at the South. It is too thin to be worn in the winter, and too black to be cool in the summer; but especially do we object to it because the wearer is always afraid of soiling it by exposure. Young gentlemen will not play ball, or pitch quoits, or wrestle and tumble, or any other similar thing, lest their broadcloth should be offended. They will not go out into the storm, because the broadcloth will lose its lustre if rain falls upon it; they will not run, because they have no confidence in the strength of the broadcloth; they dare not mount a horse, or leap a fence, because broadcloth, as everybody knows, is so faithless. So these young men, and these older men, merchants, mechanics, and all, learn to walk, talk, and think soberly and carefully; they seldom venture to laugh to the full extent of their sides.

A Horse Chaunter.—A loafer being brought up before one of the London courts, the judge demanded, "What is your trade?"

"A horse chaunter, my lord."

"A what? A horse chaunter, why, what's that?"

"Vy, my lord, ain't you up to that 'ere trade?"

"I require you to explain yourself."

"Vel, my lord," said he, "I goes round among the livery stables, they all on 'em knows me, and ven I sees a gen'man bargaining for an 'orse, I just steps up like a tee-total stranger, and ses I, 'vel, that's a rare 'un; I'll be bound,' ses I, 'he's got the beautifullest 'ead and neck as I ever seed,' ses I; 'only look at 'iz open nostrils; he's got vind like a no-go-motive; I'll be bound, he'll travel a hundred miles a day, and never vunce think on't; them's the kind of legs vat never fails.' Vel, this tickles the gen'man, and he ses to 'imself, 'that 'ere 'onest countryman's a reg'lar judge of a 'orse;' so, please you, my lord, he buys 'im and trots off. Vel, then I goes up to the man vat keeps the stable, and I axes 'im, 'vel, vat are you going to stand for that 'ere chaunt?' and he gives me a sovereign; vel, that's vat I call 'orse chaunting, my lord; there's rale little 'arn in't—there's a good many sorts on us; some chaunts canals, and some chaunts railroads."

Never Ask Questions in a Hurry.—"Tom, a word with you."

"Be quick, then; I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse the other day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John hurries home, and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who, strange to say, dropped off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veterinary ability is somewhat staggered. He meets him the next day.

"Well, Tom!"

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him dead as Julius Cæsar."

"So it did mine."

A Battle with a Muskrat.—A desperate and rather novel battle occurred in Swatara township, Penn., recently, between a young man named Ulrich, and a large muskrat. It appears that while Mr. Ulrich was walking along the Union Canal, he noticed a muskrat in the field, secreted behind some bushes. Quietly moving up to the animal, he thought with one blow to lie musk dead at his feet. But it was not so easily done. The rat, on the application of the young man's boot, showed battle, and made at him like a savage dog, compelling Mr. U. to retreat a short distance. The animal, however, took advantage of its victory, and followed its assailant, making several attempts at the throat of the young man, fortunately succeeding only in tearing his vest and coat. At this stage of the battle—both belligerents pretty near exhausted—the young man happily procured a stick, and soon ended the battle by taking the life of the fighting rat. That a muskrat would attack a man and give battle, is something new.

A Hayfield Anecdote.—An old gentleman who was always bragging how folks used to work in his younger days, one day challenged his two sons to pitch on a load of hay as fast as he could load it. The challenge was accepted, the hay wagon driven round, and the trial commenced. For some time the old man held his own very creditably, calling out, "More hay! more hay!" Thicker and faster it came. The old man was nearly covered; still he kept crying, "More hay! more hay!" At length, struggling to keep on top of the ill-arranged heap, it began first to roll, then to slide, and at last off it went from the wagon, and the old man with it. "What are you down here for?" cried the boys. "I came down after hay!" answered the old man, stoutly.

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45 BOWERY, BOWERY,
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VOLKS GARDEN, VOLKS GARDEN,
as RE-OPENED,
RE-OPENED,
RE-OPENED,
with a NEW COMPANY,
NEW COMPANY,
NEW COMPANY.
4-1t* JOSH HART, Proprietor.

MICKEY WARREN REPLIED TO.—In answer to Mickey's dancing challenge in last week's CLIPPER, T. J. Peel states that he will take it up, and if a deposit is left at the CLIPPER OFFICE before 12 M., on Wednesday, May 7, he will at once cover it and proceed to business, so that the match may be decided on the following Saturday, as after that date it will be impossible for him to go on with it, owing to his departure for Australia on Wednesday of the following week. In order to facilitate business, Mr. Peel proposes that in the selection of a referee, the names of a certain number of persons willing to act, and mutually agreed upon by both parties, be placed in a hat and one drawn from them just previous to the men going on to dance. The party whose name is so drawn, to be referee. Mr. Peel also states, that as Mr. Carroll appears to be dissatisfied with the decision of the late match, that he will, if Mr. Carroll pleases, meet him in any private room, to which a certain number of the friends of both shall be admitted, and dance him for a basket of wine. He would pay attention to that $1000 banter but for his early departure for Australia. 4-1t

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MISS JULIA IRVING, lately a member of the Grand Combination of Histrionic Artists, is at present in town and unengaged. Letters for her may be addressed in care of New York CLIPPER. 3

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Minor premiums for second, third, fourth, fifth, and sixth best.
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AND
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THE GREAT CANTERBURY MINSTRELS,
A GRAND MATINEE ON SATURDAY, AT 2 P. M.
4tf CHRIS. NORRIS, Proprietor.

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
Having heard since my arrival here, that certain parties have claimed the Authorship of a number of my Compositions, I consider it my duty to inform the Public that the following list comprises only a portion of the Songs composed by me, and belonging to me, exclusively:

Clap Your Hands till Daddy Comes Home.	Sally Morgan.
Fair you well my Pretty Galls.	I'm Goin to be a Sailor.
Who'll have Me Now?	Santa Anna.
Yes, I Love My Nancy Oh!	Phoenix Dear.
Abraham's Daughter.	The Cat Rebellion.
What Can't be Cured,	New Jordan, or de Right of Search.
Blow Ye Winds of Mornin, No. 3	Old Tom Cat.
My Boy with the Auburn Hair.	My Love is a Soger.
Good Bye, John.	Cloe in de Cellar.
Colored Cavalier.	Johnny Dear.
Times in New York.	Down in Alabam. (Composed and first sung as a Banjo Solo at Charley White's Opera House, N. Y.
Willie has Gone for a Soger.	
Nicaragua.	
The Lime Kiln Man.	
Oh, Hear de Banjo Sound.	Sammy Jones.
Betsy Gay.	New Inventions.
De Ladies ob New York.	Turky Frog and Bull.
Blow Ye Winds.	That Young Gall from New Jersey.
Johnny's Equal is Not Here.	
Cars are on de Track.	Garrotters.
New York City.	A Trip to Fraser River.

Chicago, April 29, 1862. 4-1t CHARLEY FOX.

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THE MONITOR;
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THE NAVAL BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS.
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4-1t* Address G. L. AIKEN, Dramatist.

TO LET.—The Metropolitan Concert Hall, in the Saville Building, corner of Sixth and Market streets, Wilmington, Delaware. The Hall is 33 feet in width, by about 78 feet in depth; and was fitted up as a Theatre, about one year ago, under the superintendance of Mr. John Jack, Tragedian, and Mr. Joseph Parker, Comedian. The Scenery is perfect for any kind of representation. As a Concert Saloon, it is one of the prettiest in America. For particulars, apply to Mr. ALEX. SAVILLE, Willmington, Delaware. Terms reasonable. 4-2t*

MR. R. T. HOWARD—Should this meet the eye of Mr. R. T. Howard, who was at one time travelling in America with a Dwarf, and at another time with the Panopticon of the War in India, owned by Mr. Billings, of Rochester, N. Y., he will hear of something connected with business that may be of benefit to him, by leaving his address at the CLIPPER Office, New York. E. T.
Liverpool, Eng., April 13, 1862. 4

BANJO AND JIG DANCING taught by John Bogan, 240 East Tenth street, at 50 cts per lesson. BOGAN'S celebrated Banjos always on hand, for sale cheap. Call and see, and judge for yourself. Prices from $1 to $40. Banjos sent to any part of the Country from $7 upwards. N. B.—On receipt of $1, I will send three written lessons on the Banjo or Jig Dancing. No humbug. 4-1t*

METROPOLITAN THEATRE, DETROIT.—Ladies and Gentlemen of the Profession desiring engagements for the Summer Season, commencing on or about the 12th of May, will address GEO. HUTCHINSON, Detroit, Mich. 4

JOHNNY DULEY—Will you oblige a friend by sending your address to M. J. REYNOLDS, Co. B. 8th Ohio Regiment, Winfield, via Point Pleasant, Va. 4

TO MANAGERS AND THE PROFESSION.—Notice is hereby given that from and after this date, legal proceedings will be instigated against any infringement of the copy-right of the plays of "Camille" and "Medea," as translated and adapted by me. MATILDA HERON STOEPEL
NEW YORK, April 21st, 1862. [3-3t] W. H. PAUL, Agent.

OUR LETTER BOX.

☞ We have letters for Messrs. Dan Worcestor, John Cooper Vail, Sylvester Bleeker, Andrew Glassford, and Joe Goldsmith.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, May 5, 1862.

Last week was moving week, and a more disagreeable first of May we have not experienced in many years, the rain pouring down in torrents, and moving to tears many good housewives, who, to "better their condition," must "push along keep moving," and thus be in the fashion on May day. Very little good ever comes out of moving week, and thus it came to pass that the theatres were not very well attended. It will take a few days longer to settle people in their new domiciles, after which we may look for a better feeling in the social circle, and a corresponding improvement in our places of amusement.

This day, May 5th, is the time set apart for hearing counsel on the new concert bill, in the case of the girl arrested for an infringement of the law, as noticed in our last. Our opinion is, that the new law will not stand the test. If it is unconstitutional, Mr. James T. Brady will make the fact manifest. The feeling against the law has been greatly increased since our last, and every effort will be made to have it repealed should the decision of the Courts be in favor of its constitutionality. Meetings have been held, and money voted to test the question thoroughly; while the political elements are making arrangements to give their "representatives" a suitable rebuke next fall. Let the doughfaces look out, for not only have they made enemies of the thousands directly interested in our saloons, but also of those who think the poor man has a right to his entertainments as well as the rich; and as this new law was concocted to break up our cheap places of public entertainment, the people look upon it as an attempt to deprive them of that small measure of recreation which their limited means will only permit them to enjoy. As the politicians have opened the war upon the people's pastimes, let the people remember them for it at the polls, and give us men who are willing to allow some little license to the poorer classes of society. Those halls that remain open do so because they have a license to give theatrical entertainments, and with this license the law could not well interfere at the time it was first put in force. This licence fee is $500 per year, rather more than most small places are able to pay.

It may be found necessary to increase the Metropolitan Police Force, now that the new concert bill is being put through, for it requires a very large squad to watch the saloons, and spy out performers who have no license to show, and all that sort of thing. On the 28th ult., a couple of arrests were made at the concert saloon, No. 616 Broadway. It seems that the old performances had been done away with at this hall, and in their place, sounding brass and tinkling cymbals made music sweet, and wafted "spiritual strains upon the midnight air." This was all well enough; but, to add enchantment to the scene, the inevitable "pretty waiter girls" were on hand as a forlorn hope; and with bewitching archery did they plant their agonizing shafts in the fond bosoms of infatuated youth; while, with gentle dalliance and love's most luscious smile, they handed in swei lager, or brandy neat. And then it came to pass, that while these amicable understandings were going on between the maidens and their "incomprehensible" patrons, the Argus eyes of the "ever-watchful police" were upon the proprietors of this gay and festive scene; and with rude hand did they seize upon the persons of W. Duverney and Fred. Rentze, and with unmitigated disgust were they ushered into the presence of Justice Osborne, who held them to bail to "show cause," while the "serene maidens" of sixteen sweet summers and upwards, desisted from their occupation, and bade adieu to the scenes of their youth. At another saloon, the Shakespeare, corner of Duane and William streets, the blue coats made a capture of three waiter girls, and one barkeeper, on the 29th ult. The girls are Dutch lasses, named respectively Wilhelmina Toppin, Phillippina Toppin, and Margaret Gidden. They were held in $300 each to answer for doing something, but it is difficult to say what. A meeting of Germans and others was held at Pythagoras Hall, on the 30th ult., to devise measures to protect all affected by the new concert bill. It was resolved to test the validity of the new law, and to defend those arrested under it. A society for mutual protection was formed, and officers elected to preside over its affairs. Verily, this concert law promises to take an influential part in our next election; and there will be a good deal of squirming among those who assisted in passing the bill. The fun is just commencing. A friend has promised to give us the names of all who took part in putting the concert bill through. All right.

The concert saloon bill "cuts down all, both great and small," and the error of permitting countrymen to legislate on our public amusements is now being made manifest everywhere. Concert hall proprietors are not the only sufferers—every branch of amusement will feel the effects of this new law. Across the river, in Williamsburgh, on the 28th ult., Professor Anderson, the Wizard of the North, advertised to show at Washington Hall. The police waited upon the Wizard, and asked to see his license—had none—the police said the show could not go on—man of magic sought out the mayor, and obtained a permit for one night only; and, armed with this scrap of paper, he calculated that the thing was all right—a pretty large audience had assembled, and the Professor was preparing to show how some things could be done as well as others, at the same time that the police were preparing to show that some things could *not* be done as well as others, and this show was one of them; for the Captain of police refused to recognise the Mayor's permit, and the Wizard was threatened with arrest if he persisted in showing; so the people were dismissed. A nice thing those "petitioners" have made of our amusements.

P. S.—At the hour of going to press, we learn that the case of The People ex rel. Josephine Bailey came before Judges Ingraham, Leonard, and Barnard, in the General Term of the Supreme Court this morning. The case came up on certiorari and habeas corpus. Mr. Whitehead, the Assistant District Attorney, said that he had an affidavit of Inspector Carpenter to the effect that this girl had not been arrested by the police authorities, but that she had been taken into formal custody by a constable.

Judge Ingraham asked Mr. Brady if she was in custody?

Mr. Brady replied that the girl had been arrested, and was in custody, but was not confined in any prison.

Judge Ingraham then asked Mr. Whitehead if he had any objection to the dismissal of the writs. Mr. Whitehead said that he had not; the District Attorney was in doubt whether the act would be prohibitory in saloons where lager beer was sold, and also in saloons where instrumental performances only took place. It was understood that Superintendent Kennedy was acting on the understanding that the law was strictly prohibitory.

Judge Leonard asked who made the original order of commitment.

Mr. Brady replied that no warrant of commitment had been issued. Under the law any policeman or constable could make the arrest, and confine the party, *without a commitment in the first instance.*

A brief consultation was held by the Judges, who finally decided to take the papers, with a view of coming to an understanding as to what disposition should be made of the case. From the present aspect of the proceedings we may fairly infer that the Police authorities are desirous of being sure they are right before going much further. We leave the affair in the hands of the l-a-w.

Travelling shows, and concerns that "work under canvas," must have had a rather bad time of it last week, for the weather was enough to "drown all out of doors." How the "itinerant showman" managed to weather it through, we don't understand, but that some *did* pull through without *great* damage we know, while others again had to reef all sail, and scud along as best they could under bare poles. Of late years it has been unsafe to venture out before the first week in May, and that, even, is a little bit early; for seasons change, like every thing else, and while in former years it was the custom to "go a Maying" on the first of May eve, returning home freighted with lilacs and early flowers, now we find it more comfortable to get alongside of a heated stove; and as for flowers, they come up very scattering in early May, now-a-days. Our winters are less cold than they used to be, but they linger very long in the lap of spring, and make the summer appear of but short duration. We trust the showman may find the season a season of plenty wherever the canvas may be set, for the spring and summer months should be his harvest, and return him enough to enable him to see his way through the cold and dreary autumn, and the chilling blasts of winter. The travelling season may now be said to be open, and our rural friends should be on the look out for the golden chariot of the band, the "here we are, Mister Marster," of the clown, the marvellous leaps of the vaulters, the startling feats of the acrobats and gymnasts, and the gaily caparisoned horses, with their equally gaily-dressed riders and attendants. They will be with you soon, and as they will do their best to afford you amusement after *your* labors of the day are over, so should you try to cheer *their* hearts by extending them at least a little portion of your favor and patronage. Many people are too apt to look upon the circus and the showman as unworthy of support. Why, we have never been able to learn. There are good and bad in all classes of society, and if, now and then, a travelling showman should be found guilty of some indiscretion, it is not more fair to visit his sins upon the entire profession than it would be to accuse a religious brotherhood of libidinous designs because their pastor might have been accidentally caught in a perplexing predicament with one of the sisters. Now is it? In our intercourse with showmen we have found them to be a kind and warm-hearted people, ready and willing to assist the needy in other professions as well as in their own, to the extent of their means. Speak to them kindly, and their good traits instantly stand out in bold relief, for they are among the first to appreciate a good action, and equally quick to resent a wrong. "So here we are, master, what shall we do for you."

Now, it came to pass that a maiden fair, of surpassing loveliness, and talented as well, entered into the city of Gotham, to take counsel with the wise men of that far-famed metropolis, and to make a name that should abide and remain with her evermore, and enable her to say to the people of minor towns and places, "Lo! I come from the mighty Thespian temples of the great city of the Western World; where my fame and genius dazzled the minds of many just men made perfect. I will tarry with you but a short season, that you may look upon me, and hearken unto my voice, as I speak in trumpet tones the words of wisdom once uttered by the immortal Shakespeare." But ere this maiden sallied forth to the solitude of the provinces, she became so enraptured with the flattery bestowed upon her by the learned men (surnamed ye oyster-house critics) who assemble in the oyster-houses, that she was fain to accept as gospel truth all that had been published concerning her wonderful beauty and genius; these scraps were as truly precious to her as the falling dew is to the budding flower; she treasured them up, and rolled them under her tongue as a sweet morsel. And as she chewed the

sweet end, the thought inspired her that it would be good to sow broadcast over the land the great things that had been said concerning her by the classic men of ye oyster-house. So she took counsel with the Scribes and the Pharisees, and even as they smoked their pipes of peace, and sipped their oyster soup, lo! one appeared unto them, saying—"Let the maiden profit by the good things ye have said of her; gather ye together the paid puffs and the unpaid, and let them be given to the world as the mighty emanations of ye press, and ye press-gang, surnamed ye Bohemian. Break ye the glad tidings to the East, to the West, to the North, yea, even unto ye distant places of ye chivalric South. In those journals which ye Bohemians do represent, publish ye the truth as told by them." So the maiden was pleased with exceeding great joy, and the scribes who were with her, exulted, and were glad; and the many goodly puffs were joined together, that their teachings might be made the more powerful through union; and they were jointly published to the world in those papers of immaculate soup-house veracity, and of which ye Bohemian scribes are the standing pillars, and their voices the "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals." And thus did the maiden hasten that fame which might have been hers in time without the hot- (soup) house process of forcing.

Were the public to judge by the Winter Garden advertisements, it might be supposed that we have never had an actress here equal to Miss Bateman; of whom the advertisements say she is "the young queen of the American stage, whose grand dramatic triumph is without parallel in New-York or elsewhere since Fanny Kemble's *debut*." Now, we are quite willing to concede that the lady has created a favorable impression, and that her performances have been fairly patronized, but that is all. She has much yet to learn, and some things to unlearn; and if it is desirous that she should become a great actress, the better will it be for her if she is less flattered than she has been. Fulsome adulation has spoiled many a rising character in the professional world, and if the young lady under notice is really anxious to appear to good advantage in her travels after leaving "the great city of New-York," she must not depend too much on metropolitan puff-preparers. This evening, Miss Bateman enters upon her third week, appearing again as Julia, in "The Hunchback." Mr. Edwin Adams has met with much encouragement since he commenced his engagement here.

Another baby show is announced to take place at Barnum's Museum, in June. Now, if there is any law by which this proposed disreputable exhibition can be prevented, we trust that it will be enforced. It is all well enough to show off monkeys, beasts, and monstrosities of every kind, but to make public displays of innocent little children, subjecting them and their parents to the scrutiny of all sorts of characters, is rather out of place in a civilized community. The vile and indecent remarks to which the parents are compelled to listen at times, should deter every virtuous mother from having anything to do with such an exhibition. Legitimate and illegitimate offspring may be gathered together at this proposed show, and legitimate and illegitimate parents may be forced to sit side by side to show off their progeny, some of them, probably, to their shame. We remember certain scenes that were enacted at a baby show some years ago, and we have no desire to see them repeated. Let parents who think anything of their children ponder well before they permit their little ones to be exhibited before the rude gaze of the libidinous characters who are always in attendance at such displays. For decency's sake we trust that the show may be prevented; but if it cannot be, why let the time be extended, so that some not now prepared to enter the lists, may make some "little arrangements" to show what *they* can do; and let each mother be labeled, "see what *I've* been doing." Come now, if we are to have an exhibition to propagate the breed of babies, let us all have a fair start, and full time to "develope the resources of the country."

Owing to the "unabated success" of the "Macarthy, or Peep o' Day Boys," at Laura Keene's Theatre, that establishment was closed somewhat abruptly, on Tuesday evening, April 29th, to be re-opened, as the bills inform us, on Monday evening, May 5th. The Macarthy was kept on the stage some seventy nights, and during the first few weeks of its performance the theatre was pretty well attended, but during the latter part of the time, the piece has been played to very bad business, and this, with the continued illness of Miss Keene, caused the somewhat unlooked-for closing as above stated. A new piece, "A Drame Fantastique," called "Reason and Folly, or Life in Paris," is announced for this evening. We believe the English of the "drama" is, "fantastic dream," but we are so infernally foreign here that we are supposed to be incapable of understanding our own language.

The vocal and instrumental portions of the entertainments given by Bryants' Minstrels are not the least interesting, by any means, of the performances; and though some of the performers do not appear before us as soloists, yet their voices and instruments contribute to make up that pleasing harmony which so delights the ears of those who attend Mechanics' Hall. A very good programme is now given nightly, in which witticisms, dances, comic songs, sentimental ballads, and Ethiopian eccentricities are introduced. There is no let down in the business at this house, the hall being thronged nightly.

G. L. Fox's Olympic still retains its name, no change in the title having been suggested since Mr. Fox took possession of the house. The attendance has been middling since our last, and the entertainments have been in some instances quite good.

At the New Bowery no one can complain that they have not had enough for their money, for tragedy, drama, and farce have been given on the same evening, reaching past the mid of night. What is lost in quality is amply made up for in quantity. The spectacular drama of Der Freischutz was revived on the 3d, with Mr. Eddy as Casper. Mr. Eddy's engagement is continued this week.

Gottschalk's last "last concert" is announced for to-night at Niblo's Saloon. Carlotta Patti, Tombesi and Ferri are to do the singing, while Gottschalk will give us his "last notes" on the piano. Let us show by our presence that we appreciate these last concerts, whether we understand them or not.

There is no change to note at Niblo's, the Enchantress drawing well enough to hold on awhile longer.

Jones' Wood is open again. It is a pleasant place to spend an afternoon, and we believe the new law does not subject the visitor to the annoyance of being watched by a metropolitan spy, while taking his lager.

"Australia, ahoy!" The electric influences of negro minstrelsy are much more cosmopolitan than has heretofore been admitted by the "genteel" portion of the Press—that is, we mean, the portion claiming all the gentility. But, the march of events cannot be stayed, nor the progress of this peculiarly American institution impeded. Behold one of the signs. Mr. C. V. Hand, formerly manager at Maguire's Opera House, San Francisco, has now organized, in New York, a new company, to be known by the title of Birch & Cotton's Minstrels. They will leave here in the clipper—of course the clipper—ship Samuel Appleton, on the 10th May, for Australia. Already Mr. Hand has engaged Billy Birch and Ben Cotton, as the leaders on Ethiopian comedy and song; Gustave Bideaux, baritone; R. Abecco, tenor; M. Ainsley Scott, basso; D. Bradshaw, first violin; M. Riley, flutist; T. J. Peel, jig dancer. Pretty fair for pioneers. Other artists and musicians will be added in a few days. The entire party, (assisted by volunteers from among the most shining lights in the minstrel persuasion,) intend "giving and taking" a benefit at the Academy of Music before "giving and taking" their departure.

Parties in the profession wishing to replenish their wardrobe in the way of tights, shirts, and long hose, will do well to make a note of Union Adams' advertisement in these columns.

The standard and legitimate still rule at Wallack's, and everything runs along very smoothly. To night, for the first time here, will be produced the comedy of "Love in a Maze," with a new fit out.

That some things may be done as well as others, and that this city is not exactly under martial-law, can be seen in the fact that the People's Music Hall, 45 Bowery, lately Volk's Garten, is now re-opened with a new company by Josh Hart, its spirited proprietor. 45 is a high old concern, and looks sprucer than ever, as if preparing for a perpetual spring of popular amusement.

At the Great American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, we may see such bucks as Tony Pastor, Charley White, Add Weaver, L. Simmons, Master Tommy, M. Barney, C. Gardner, Bob Hart, etc., among the masculine geniuses, and such darlings as Lizzie Schultze, Amelia Wells, Ernestine de Faiber, Ida Ross, Annie Lee, Matilda Schultze, etc., among the feminine divinities, who all more or less aid in making this favorite resort a first-class music hall. Nothing "sectarian" about that party, but truly the Great American or cosmopolitan principle of rendering the greatest amount of refining amusement for the least possible outlay on the part of the spectator. Being already under gentlemanly management, this institution seems to thrive upon the impotent rage of its opponents, for all who visit 444 Broadway can see that it well deserves the immense patronage it receives from a generous and enlightened public.

In the advertising portion of this department, the reader may find a sort of "double-header" from T. J. Peel. It is a regular chain shot, one "end" for Mickey Warren, and "tother end" for R. M. Carroll. To Mickey Mr. Peel offers to take up the challenge Mickey had in our issue of last week, and proposes that a deposit may be made before noon on the 7th, at our office. To Mr. Carroll he also offers, if not already satisfied with the decision of the judges at their recent contest, to meet and have a friendly trial of skill in dancing for a basket of wine. Of course Mr. Peel's early departure for Australia leaves the $1,000 banter "as you were." In the meantime, "pass around the ruby, boys."

"Time tries all!" is an old saying, and we have a new proof in observing the continued success of the Great Canterbury Hall, 585 Broadway, where the proprietors seem to be determined on winning the popular good will on the shortest notice and most favorable terms. We have often thought that it was not possible for a more attractive company of artists to be collected at one music hall. We know, from actual observation, that the audiences are delighted at every performance. Several new names are among the stars of the present week. A mere enumeration of their various styles would occupy more room than we can here spare. One thing we may say, that any visitor of our noble city who does not go and see (for himself) what is really to be seen and heard at the Canterbury in Broadway, deserves to leave town yoked with a big label, marked "greeny."

Brother Barnum's continual researches after the goose that furnishes golden eggs certainly do lead him into some comical situations. For a man who would rather find himself "blown up" at every street corner than not be a subject of public comment, we must say that he runs considerable risk of overdoing his kind of agitation. We should take warning from the greediness of our English cousins in relation to the eggs of the feminine python exhibited in London. The poor serpentine creature had done her duty in the matter, but the continual "stirring up with a long pole," to please loving visitors, completely frustrated the operations of nature, and a shocking "bad egg" business was the result. Monstrosities may be manufactured, mermaids may be managed, woolly horses may be warranted, hippopotamuses may be caught on the hip and sent to pot, but even Barnum the Great must beware how he interferes with Dame Nature. We have already recorded our humble protest against the proposed "baby show" of June next. But, as if to "round off the corners" a little, we are to have a dog show, commencing on the 12th and closing on the 17th May. This, now, has some "show" of reason and propriety about it. The reverend brethren of the Christian Alliance have been giving us the doxology all winter, on Sunday evenings, in the "lecture room," and now we think a small benediction in the way of "dogology" would be quite seasonable. We are very glad to see such a pleasing demonstration in favor of "man's best friend," the dog. $2,205 are to be given in premiums. Let us see what our dog fanciers can produce. There is sound philosophy in this movement, and its rapid extension and more general adoption must result in a great national benefit. Let Brother Barnum have the credit that belongs to his share of this "new light" upon the capabilities of "the dorg."

Professor John Henry Anderson will soon become the lessee of the Winter Garden, and produce a new play, called "Cagliostro," in which the Professor can shine as both actor and magician.

Mrs. J. H. Allen and Mr. J. G. Burnett are not now at Laura Keene's.

DRAMATIC.

Grover's (New National) Theatre in Washington is going on bravely, considering the abundance of theatres and the varieties of real excitements out of doors. Leonard Grover, as lessee and manager, and H. B. Phillips, as stage manager, have been getting up "a comedy combination." Well, so it is, with such as D. Setchell, Lotty Hough, J. M. Ward, Mrs. G. C. Germon, Bokee, Mrs. J. S. Edwards, Walton, Julia Nelson, T. B. Baker, Sophie Gimber, etc. "The Four Phantoms" is the latest novelty.

At Utica, N. Y., Manager Marston finished off the last three days of April with "Mazeppa," "The Wool Dealer," etc. Mr. R. E. J. Miles, and his trained horse, Minnehaha, did, as usual, their best to illustrate Byron's thrilling romance. Minnehaha knows how to keep on the tow path. J. B. Tozer is Marston's acting manager, and T. Cooke the musical director. The stock company is very good. The bill just mentioned is a real Bowery specimen, and we consider the Utica folks wise in giving their patronage to Marston, Miles, and Minnehaha.

The Troy (N. Y.) Theatre has made a good local hit with the piece (previously announced by us) called "The Monitor." It has been composed by G. L. Aiken, and dedicated to Messrs. Griswold & Winslow, the manufacturers of the iron plates with which the U. S. Steamer Monitor is coated. This certainly is a "testimonial to Trojan skill." There are three acts, and the scenes are laid "all around" from Troy to Hampton Roads. The cast has—Lieut. Worden, R. S. Manuel; Lieut. Harry Morton, G. L. Aiken; Joseph Jingles, C. Wilkinson; Moses Cofran, J. Lewis; Pod Frinkle, T. G. Riggs; Caleb Myrtle, S. H. Verney; Galyn Westervelt, Walter Benn; Lieut. Adams, Packard; Lieut. Tomlinson, White; Old Morton, Sawin; Stephen Nickolay, Roberts; Capt. Fitzeustace, Leonard; Leonora Myrtle, Ana L. Brown; Marianna, Nellie Sprague; Jennie, Mollie Ashton.

Myers' Dramatic Company, after performing at Fall River and New Bedford, re-opened the Providence Theatre on the 25th ult., with Miss Cecile Rush as the star. They will probably remain at Providence two weeks, and then return to Fall River and New Bedford.

Adah Isaacs Menken is making arrangements for her projected European trip. Adah seems to have increased in public estimation, since the recent decision in her favor in that divorce suit. Single-handed, she made a bold and determined fight against the stalwart son of Benicia, whom she has "floored" in the Illinois Court in which the case was pending. Now, we like to see a woman defend what she considers her rights, and as Miss Menken's reported marriage with Mr. Heenan was questioned at the time, placing the lady in a very unenviable light, the fact that she has obtained a decree of divorce certainly places the affair in a different light, and infers that there must have been a marriage, or there could have been no divorce. Adah's advent in England will probably create a new sensation, and if she is properly "worked up," the speculation may prove successful to manager and actress. She will take no agent from here, but put herself in charge of Manager Henderson, of the Prince of Wales, on her arrival in Liverpool.

After a long interval, we find our mail facilities renewed from Paducah, Ky. This is gratifying, and still more so to find that the good cause of the Drama has continued to flourish, in spite of all the turmoils of rebellion. Shakespeare and tragedy seem to be most in demand. Of course the will of the people has to be obeyed. The Paducah Theatre has all along done a good biz. Little prompting should we need for mentioning our dramatic friends there, and we can assure them that their favors lately have not reached us, although it seems that they have had their CLIPPER with tolerable regularity. The Paducah Theatre has for lessees, Messrs. Winter & Bell; stage manager, Charles J. Fyffe; treasurer, W. Winter; leader of orchestra, F. Bell; machinist, Ed. Hibbard. The stock also has Messrs. C. H. Tyler, W. J. Wiggins, W. Goodwin, C. Winslow, C. Soely, Ashburn, J. White, Johnson, Brown, Sandusky, Petty, Clifton, etc., with Mesdames Kitty Fyffe, Florence Bell, Lizzie Noyes, etc.

The Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, seems to be on a permanent basis of good management now with John Ellsler's party, as enumerated and noticed previously. Sallie St. Clair and "The White Terror" were both safe cards for the management.

The Nashville Theatre opened on the 21st April with a resumption of the regular dramatic company. Messrs. Duffield & Sands are the present lessees, with W. H. Everett as stage manager. Among the company is Mrs. Hattie Bernard.

The German Dramatic and Opera Troupe, at present in Washington, seem to do well. Their success at the Front Street, Baltimore, was ahead of the most sanguine anticipations, and their closing night there, 25th April, became quite an enthusiastic affair. Among other compliments, the band of the 111th Regt. of Pennsylvania Volunteers, took part in the musical performances. Joe Cooke is the interpreter and outside man generally, while E. D. Davis is treasurer and business manager. The stage forces are under the guidance of Madame Mojean and Leonhart Holfelder. "Fanchon, the Cricket," is always popularly received, and our German friends may like to see the cast this party of twenty-eight good performers give for it:—Fanchon, Mdme. Mojean; Landry, L. Holfelder; Didier, H. Eckhardt, Father Barbauld, C. Gerusitz; Mother Barbauld, Miss Shutt; Manon, Miss Mache; Old Fadet, Miss Gerwitz; Susetta, Miss Cranza; Marietta, Miss Oswald; Annetta, Miss Mier; Colin, Herr Hirsch; Father Caillard, J. Steinback; Madelon, Mdme. Dorgut; Etienne, F. Wittig; Pierre, Herr Simon; Mathiess, Herr Wittman. Another piece seems much admired, under the title of "Caballe and Liebe." This is a five act tragedy in dramatic construction, but the operatic accessories are splendid. We understand that this company will soon visit New York. "Das est recht brave."

Miss Kate Fisher, with Messrs. Fletcher and Harry Weaver, are said to be in Cincinnati, expecting soon to appear at some of the regular theatres there. Doubtful, on the part of the theatres, which are not making bread and cheese, leaving porksteaks unhoped for. Who is "o-p-h in the first boat?" As for Kate, she well deserves a better fate.

From Pittsburgh, we learn that the engagement of Adah Isaacs Menken has not produced very brilliant results since the first night. The lady, we are informed, appears in very indifferent health, a neuralgic affection having taken up its abode in one of "those eyes."

There is a chap in Cincinnati, of a peculiarly "gay" disposition, who is sanguine and romantic enough to suppose that he can start a new dramatic company there. His first experiment was to come off on the 5th May. Anything like success, in the face of the state of affairs at the existing theatres in Porkopolis, would go ahead of Bulwer's "Strange Story." The romantic individual making this splurge is sure of one thing—it is not possible for him to lose any money of his own.

The Howard, Boston, is now a pleasing sample of having "the right man in the right place." Mr. Wyzeman Marshall has restored that temple of the drama to something like its former glory. Edmond Falconer's "Peep o' Day" ran for three weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Conway took a joint benefit on the 2d, giving a "one more" of "The Peep o' Day" on the afternoon of the 3d. On the evening of the 3d, Wyzeman Marshall appeared on the boards as his favorite character in "The Rag-Picker of Paris," and on the 5th as "The Carpenter of Rouen." Miss Annie Eberle also had a fine first appearance as Marie Diddier, the "Dress Maker of St. Antoine." In J. S. Coyne's legendary drama of "Wyanokee, the Forest Star," used as an afterpiece, Mrs. Conway gave a fine personation of the principal character. In the new London farce of "The Pretty Housebreaker," Mrs. Conway and C. H. Wilson carried off a full share of the laughing commentary.

Maggie Mitchell's benefit on the 25th April, at Wood's, Cincinnati, warranted a repeat on the 26th. Maggie was also to have another benefit on the 2d May. Maggie is at St. Louis this week, succeeding J. W. Booth as Ben De Bar's star. When managers give two benefit nights in one week, what may we expect next?

Manager Henderson's Wheeling Theatre (not on wheels) has been doing a fair biz. Couldock was well received again, and Mrs. Ellie Henderson made another commencement on the 30th April. Wheeling is "wheeling into line" on the drama.

A correspondent, "Now and Then," asserts that Senorita Cubas was very coldly received, amid "loud mutterings" of displeasure, while recently performing at Pittsburgh, on account of being charged with "having trampled on the American flag while in the South." This displeasure was so apparent on the second night, when she appeared in pantomime, that she "cut" pantomime altogether on the third night, resumed dancing only, and that fixed things all right.

Mr. Enoch Powers was the principal tenor for the Monnerchor Opera Society during their recent performances at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati.

The biz. at Grover's new theatre in Washington is represented as somewhat unsatisfactory thus far. Mr. Collins having been promised as first star, and not yet appearing there, the public seem inclined to play sulky. What is the difficulty?

Mr. Chanfrau took a benefit at McVicker's, Chicago, on the 2d, finished on the 3d, and opens at Cleveland on the 5th. Mr. Couldock succeeds Chanfrau at McVicker's on the 5th. This is like Tyke stepping in after Moso. McVicker furnishes strong casts on his bills. Frank Mordaunt continues to please with his tasteful performances whenever cast for the heavies.

The Webb Sisters concluded their engagement, and Miss Ada took a benefit at the National, Cincinnati, on the 28th April, that being the night Senorita Cubas was unable to occupy the house, as there was no conveyance from Pittsburgh until that morning.

Miss Charlotte Thompson finished her Philadelphia engagement, at the Walnut, on the 3d. She is succeeded by Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Conway, who open this evening, the 5th, in "Ion."

.....John Drew is still at the Arch. This week will finish his hundred nights, and on the 9th inst, being the occasion of his one hundred and one nights, Mr. Drew will take his farewell benefit, and make his last appearance in Philadelphia, prior to his departure for Europe. The Arch-street Theatre has done exceedingly well since Mr. Drew entered upon the scene, and the exchequer has been replenished by his presence.....The Continental suddenly closed on Tuesday evening, April 29th. "Uncle Tom" was revived on Monday, but its sun had set; and while crowds flocked to see it during its previous representation, very few cared to witness it on the last revival, so the place slumped through, and the Continental is now shut up once more.

Mrs. Barrow's health is sufficiently restored for her to resume her professional duties with the Jarrett Combination Company at the Boston Theatre on the 5th.

George Pauncefort opened the Springfield (Mass.) Theatre on the 5th, with "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." He has his majestic self, J. O. Sefton, N. T. Davenport and wife, (back from Lanergan's West Indian company) Rand, Finn, J. B. Fuller, Otis, John Chester, etc., with Mesdames Marshall, Isabella Freeman, Margaret and Jane Parker, etc. A goodly array.

MUSIC HALLS.

The Metropolitan Hall, Wilmington, Del., is now open for an occupant. Not more than a year ago it was handsomely fitted up with theatrical fixings, scenery, etc., under the guidance of John Jack and Joseph Parker. As a concert saloon or as a theatre, it would be found equally attractive and available. See the proprietor's notice among our theatrical advertisements.

Mary Walton had a benefit arranged for her at the Canterbury, Baltimore, on the 26th April.

The Baltimore Museum was opened on the 28th April, by J. Gideon & Co.

Don Santiago Gibbonoise commenced biz. at the Melodeon, St. Louis, on the 28th April. He has been engaged by the indomitable Bechtner for two months, and therefore will perform in other places, wherever circumstances may require during that time.

All places of amusement in Albany seem to be on the wane since the passage of the concert saloon bill. Our correspondent, "Wattie Rusher," under date of April 30, says:—"The late action of the legislature has nearly crushed the spirit of the managers, both in this city and Troy. Your readers are probably not aware of the manner in which the authorities pounced upon the unsuspecting music halls of this city. I will give you an instance, and it is not an isolated one; were it necessary, I could multiply them. Capt. Smith had a complimentary benefit tendered him, as I understand it, on the very night after the passage of the concert law. Numerous were the volunteers, and crowded was the house, but just before the performances commenced, a policeman, holding in his hands a little brief authority, walked complacently into the hall, and ordered the house immediately closed; which peremptory order was obeyed. The Captain was the very last man to "kick up a fuss," and rather than do so, he quietly succumbed. Now what I find fault with, is the way this policeman "went about doing good" (this is what the Albany Solons call shutting up these halls). I understand that he took it on himself, and was not authorized by any superior. I regret that I did not learn his name. Why did not the authorities inform the Captain in the afternoon of their intentions, and not allow an entire audience to be disappointed, and the beneficiare himself chagrined. This house is still closed, and will be for some time, the troupe traveling in the central parts of the State.....Col. Harry Howard, of the Gayety, also closed, but at once applied for a license to play the legitimate. The case was decided before councils on Monday last. Harry had on his side the influentials of the city, such as the Mayor, City Recorder, and several of the aldermen. He had an opponent, however, in the person of Alderman Luther (not by any means as wise as his grandfather Martin). Luther raved when he found that stronger minds had gained the ascendancy. The Gayety, therefore, was triumphant, and will open on the 5th, with a large and well selected company, doing the legitimate. I wonder if the "wiseacres from the country" will endeavor to upset this resort. I prophecy, that in one year from to-day the new law will be repealed."

The Nashville branch of the Melodeon Company, St. Louis, have returned to the latter city, after a tour of five weeks among the Nashvillians. See our "Dramatic" paragraph relating to the present occupation of the Nashville Theatre. Mr. Bochter had already formed another party, to "take" some of the principal towns in Indiana, Illinois, etc. Among these are Joe Williams, Irish comedian and vocalist; Oscar Willis, tamborino-banjo on the burlesque; Billy Manning on "dem bones;" Johnny Stout, tenor balladist; Mike Berger, baritone and a touch of the guitar; Johnny Cole, wench dancer; Frank Angelo, first violin and leader; Andrew Smith, cornet and violoncello; Signor M. Angelo, harpist; Signor C. Turbone, contra basso; John and Peter Conklin, gymnastico-cannon-ballo-put-'em-throughco.

Carter's Zouave Sisters commenced an engagement at Quinlan's Varieties, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 3d. Mr. Carter intends making additions to the party, and introducing some novel effects.

Professor Madden, the Madden Girls, the learned dog Sancho, and the remainder of that party, are great attractions at the Bowery Concert Hall, St. Louis.

Butler's Melodeon, Philadelphia, had a grand opening last week, the house being well attended each evening since the commencement. The company is well liked, and Hernandez is once more in his element. The pantomime of the "Black Raven of the Tombs" is in preparation at this house, and will speedily be produced. Among other celebrities at the Melodeon are Miss Sallie J. Bishop, Kathleen O'Neil, and Millie Flora.

Manager Deagle, of the St. Louis Varieties, has had an offer, we understand, from Mr. Pike, of the Opera House, Cincinnati, on very liberal terms for the use of his building for the ensuing summer. Mr. Pike is a wise man now, for it is not long since he refused to allow a minstrel troupe to appear at his Opera House.

CIRCUSES.

Robinson & Lake's Circus company started out from Cincinnati on the 23d April, and have visited Reading, Hamilton, Lebanon, Dayton, Xenia, Springfield, Delaware, and open at Columbus, Ohio, on the 5th May, next proceeding to Zanesville. They have Messrs. Robinson, Lake, Gibbs, W. Aymar, Rhinehart, Blood, Little Willy Lake, Little Charley Seamon, etc., with Mesdames A. Lake, A. S. Seamon, Little Alice Lake, Little Emma Lake, etc. W. Aymar and P. H. Seamon are the clowns.

Messrs. Goodwin & Wilder's North American Circus Company postponed their intended grand entry into Roxbury, Mass., on the 28th April, on account of the death, that morning, of Reuben Winslow, a prominent and highly respected citizen of Roxbury. This timely consideration, will, no doubt, be duly appreciated.

Gardner & Hemmings's Great American Circus Company have now got fairly under a good headway. They commenced last week at Frankford, Pa., Germantown on Tuesday, Chester on Wednesday, and Wilmington, Del., on May 1st and 2d. At this rate their general course seems to be toward the secesh districts. Anyhow or where, they are a strong team of attractions. What Dan Gardner is as a clown, we need not tell our readers. R. Hemmings on a tight rope or a wild horse, is equally well at home. Miss Eliza Gardner is a chip of the old block, like Master Edward, when on a horse's back, and the latter is about as comical a specimen of the Young America clown as any spectator could desire. Then there is C. W. Parker, the posturer and contortionist, who has recovered from a severe illness just in time to resume his usual business of turning himself out of shape, and then back again, into all sorts of boxes and packages except coffins. Madame Camille and La Petite Camille are good lady riders, and we should not object to a change of their names as soon as the affair can be properly arranged. John Foster, the performing clown, is quite a card. Then there is George Derious, who seriously is one of the best man-monkeys going. H. Moreste, on the horizontal bars, the Wallace Brothers, as general gymnasts and acrobats, Charley Ricker, T. Swan, Winnebold, Gallagher, Herbert, and many others. The trick horse Washington, and the stud generally, are great favorites. "The Zouave Halt," in which the critters lie down, sit up on end, roll over, change sides, run in Indian file, herd together, etc., at the word of command, with or without riders, "takes some."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

Chicago cannot say that performers give the Garden City the go-by, especially of the minstrel persuasion. On the 23d April, W. A. Christy's Minstrels reopened at Kingsbury Hall. On the 24th, Hooley's Minstrels put in an appearance at Metropolitan Hall. George Christy's Minstrels next came, on the 28th, at Bryan Hall. If this is not making three bids to one auctioneer, then we know nothing about moving on, or the "wally o' peace."

We learn that Goodhue's Campbell Minstrels had concluded to dissolve, and "hewaporate," out West. Sam Price and Al. Brundage are now said to be "bright and shining ornaments" with W. A. Christy's party.

Charles Buckley, Ethiopian comedian, continues at the Canterbury, Baltimore.

Hooley's Minstrels were to open at Smith & Ditson's Hall, Cincinnati, on the 5th May.

The Morris Minstrels seem to have got fairly started now, and the company consolidated, comprising R. Sands, W. H. Brockway, A. Jones, Charles A. Morris, W. P. Spaulding, E. Miles, O. H. Carter, Master Henry, D. Webster Collins, W. Blythe, De Witt Goodwin, W. H. Butler, C. Keith, George French, and Stratton. This is a "Gideon's Band," any way their programmes may fix them. They had two good evenings in Portland lately, and were obliged to promise "another call soon" on leaving for an Eastern tour.

We intended to have visited Sanford's, and Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels in Philadelphia, last week, but were prevented. We understand that both companies are giving good entertainments, and the competition is spirited.

The Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels are soon to leave for Canada, and their Boston friends all seem anxious for one more jolly good laugh together before they go. The way they poke fun at Rarc-high is both rare and high. During their absence in "de Nort," their Opera House is likely to be opened as a vaudeville theatre.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Brooklyn is certainly an astonishing place. Its equal is not easily found—out of Albany. Its police "sniff the battle from afar," whenever anything prohibitive or destructive can be set going. In all such matters, Brooklyn can only be equaled by—Brooklyn. One of the latest proofs may be seen in an unsupposable stretch of the new concert-saloon law, as "played off" upon Professor John Henry Anderson by Capt. Woglom, of the Fifth Precinct Police in the aforesaid city of churches. It appears that the "Wizard of the North" came along from the West, and announced one of his prestidigitating performances at Washington Hall, in what people used to call Williamsburgh. Capt. Woglom seems to have had considerable fear of such close proximity with diabolical influences, for he went to the Professor (after a large number of tickets had been sold) and stated that such a performance would be an infringement of the concert-saloon law, and that the Professor must have a license. Professor said he had no license, and was not aware that any would be needed. Captain shook his (supposed to be full of law) head, and said that Professor must get a license, or he (the redoubtable) would have to prohibit the performance. Professor then went to Mayor Kalbfleisch, who kindly gave Professor a permit for one night. Captain said that the Mayor had no right to give a permit for raising the devil, etc., and that he should not recognize the Mayor's permit. Time and tide wait for no such disputes, and the audience soon began to assemble. Professor commenced with some of his usual routine, the spectators were very comfortably enjoying the magical, when Capt. Woglom, personating the majesty of the law, made his appearance upon the scene, with a detachment of assistants, and told the Professor that he must let up on the diabolical or else submit to an arrest. Professor could not make Captain disappear. Captain could not make Old Scratch appear so well as by insisting on the performance being stopped. Each volunteered speeches. Both lost at that business. People went home. Captain triumphed. Mayor regrets, etc.

The first of Madame Anna Bishop's concerts in Cincinnati had been announced for the 2d May, but, as the Rev. E. H. Chapin was unable to lecture there on the 1st, as previously stated, Madame "moved in," and commenced on the 1st, one day sooner than concert frequenters expected. The remainder of the series will proceed "as you were," unless Brother Chapin's eloquence cannot be heard elsewhere.

Colbaugh's Panopticon opened in Schenectady on the 26th, and has showed to crowded houses. It was to leave on the 1st of May. The droll and quzzical Winshell is with the show.

Brignoli and Troupe concertised in Albany on the 29th, to a good house.

Brother Barnum is doing a little temperance just now. He delivered a lecture in Jersey City, during the fore part of last week, and there were more present to see the showman than to hear the lecturer. He wound up his arguments against the flowing bowl in his usual happy and timely manner.

Mr. R. T. Howard, at one time connected with the Panopticon of the War in India, is requested, by a Liverpool correspondent, to leave his address at this office.

If any performer should be classed among miscellaneous matters, it must be Professor Wyman, not merely in his entertainments but in his locations. Take the last week for a sample. He opens at Colt's Hall, Suspension Bridge, N. Y., on the 28th April. The 29th and 30th he is at Arcade Hall, Lockport. He then makes a First of May removal to Concert Hall, Albion, and on the 2d May performs at Concert Hall, Brockport. Where he was on the evening of the 3d we cannot state positively; but, as the Professor is great on "life-moving figures," he may have been somewhere on the Potomac, betting high with Professor Lowe, and both making Jack and the Game at the old sledge of war. Col. Wood, who is Professor Wyman's commander-in-chief, might prefer paying more attention to the Canadian frontier about these days. "Presto!"

Professor Whitney, illusionist and prestidigitator, opened at Meldeon Hall, Madison, Ind., on the 30th April. "Illusionist" is good.

People do say, that "that glorious and noted cuss," Artemas Ward, "failed to connect," recently, somewhere between Peoria and Bloomington, Illinois. The Bloomingtonians, having been disappointed lately by several parties, we may expect that an Illinois delegation will be sent on to Washington, and, before Artemas knows what is going on, he may be done up "brown" at some fort in some harbor. Having warded off the Bloomingtonians, Artemas must look out and ward off danger from himself. Those Illinois folks are not "babes in the woods" by any means. We venture the suggestion that "a high stage of water" detained Squire Artemas, in a "brown" study, at Peoria.

The Fakir of Ava, among various adventures recently, was obliged to disappoint his audience at Bloomington, Ill., on account of a severe attack of bilious fever. After a confinement of two weeks, the Fakir announced two performances, to take place as soon as he could be well enough to perform. On the two evenings finally selected, the Peak Family of Bell-ringers, having just arrived, performed also. The Bloomingtonians would not listen to any postponement, and the Fakir was obliged to "Nix my dolly, pals, fake away" as best he could.

General Tom Thumb finally evacuated Pittsburgh on the 3d. He occupies Alleghany City on the 5th and 6th, Salem, Ohio, on the 7th, and makes a somewhat determined stand at Brainard's Hall, Cleveland, on the 8th. We have never heard that this general has any objection to his movements being reported.

Tom Cony and Tom Lee have commenced giving afternoon exhibitions at the Fair Ground, just outside of St. Louis. As there are about six thousand soldiers at Camp Benton, the sight for good biz. seems highly probable. Those two tom cats are sure to make a stir somehow.

That party traveling with Chas. B. Reynolds are now shaping their course for the Canadian frontier. It consists of C. B. R., J. H. Rogers, G. W. Smith, Anne E. Dillingham, and Little Lola. Last week they were in Wayland, but this week are in Corning. In all probability, they will pass the summer in Canada.

We now learn that the announcement of a marriage between the widow of Manager Lorton and Mr. Geo. Fuller, of Louisville, Ky., was unauthorized. The Mr. Fuller alluded to is the stage manager at the Louisville Theatre.

John P. Gardner's Dioramic Views of the War make a pleasing exhibition which has had a very fair time lately in Connecticut, Haven on the 30th April, at Unionville on and at Rockville on and at New again at New Haven on the 5th.

Ossian E. Dodge and party seem to do a "greater" biz. than ever since they got into the Nutmeg State. They grate their nutmegs (from the proper end) this week as follows:—Plymouth Hill, 5th; Winsted, 6th; Wolcottville, 7th; Litchfield, 8th; Bristol, 9th; Collinsville, 10th.

Duprez & Green's Minstrels have been well patronized in Montreal, and soon "move on" to Quebec, making way for the Charley Morris Troupe.

"Still later" advices locate Professor Wyman at Lyons, N. Y., on the 5th and 6th; and Clyde on the 7th. Col. Wood is evidently around.

AMATEUR.

J. W. COLLIER DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This club gave a performance on the 28th April. "The Minerali"—song by Miss Belmont—"Maid of Croissey," and "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady," were on the bill. With Mr. Keene and Mr. Reville as Martelli and Francisco, the Minerali would not have detracted from the merits of professional boards. Misses Emma and Mary Western as Lelia and Annette, did remarkably well for *debutantes*. Mr. Folwell was very acceptable as Ricardo, except, perhaps, in the last scene. Messrs. Brookes, Curran, Brown, and Donohue, exhibited a decided improvement. We suggest to Mr. Williamson not to make up quite so youthful for an aged "parient." Miss Belmont sung well, but rather too loud in that place. In the "Maid of Croissey," Miss Emma Western, as Theresa, depicted the hopeful, loving woman, with genuine feeling, and Miss Clifton was a charming inn-keeper's wife. Mr. Brooks was passable as the Old Sergeant, but was hardly careful enough in the second act. Mr. Donohue was good as Walter, the inn-keeper, and Mr. Bartholf, as Capt. Francis, equally so. "Faint Heart" was done best of all. Miss McCormick, as the Dutchess, by her grace and ease, convinced us that she has trod the boards before. Miss Mary Western, as Charles, was the truant boy to perfection, but when the business requires, looked "every inch a king." Reville made a dashing Ruy Gomez, and Geo. Gordon as the Marquis, satisfied us he could do more if he had an opportunity. As a whole, the performance, to judge by the audience, pleased all.

THE COLUMBIA, late SONS OF MALTA, DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, will give a performance at Dramatic Hall, No. 525 West Houston street, on Thursday evening, 8th inst. The programme will include "Born to Good Luck," "Lucretia Borgia," and "Matteo Falconer."

A COMPLIMENTARY TESTIMONIAL to S. B. Everett, will take place at Dramatic Hall, on Thursday evening, May 22d.

THE UNION DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION give a performance at Dramatic Hall, on Thursday, 16th inst.

FOREIGN DRAMATIC AND SHOW NEWS.

Jem Myers' Circus, at the Adelphi, Liverpool, is said to be doing very well. His "three year old bull," Durham, is one of his chief attractions. Mr. Bull is brought into the ring with his silk blanket, ribbons, etc., and runs around to show off his points: he is then made to fall down on his knees, and in this way crawl a few feet; then he jumps the bars; after which a large hoop, covered with paper, is brought in, and the bull is started on a run; he also jumps through two balloon hoops; his performances conclude by his standing on a large platform, which platform is shouldered by some twenty men, and carried off. The John Bulls seem well pleased with the Durham bull, and applaud loudly.

A correspondent, under date of Liverpool, April 13, says:—"Times are dull here; stop your American war, is the cry,

QUAIL CATCHING IN SYRIA.

As the summer advances in Syria, and after the hard-working ryahs or peasantry have ceased from their hot and laborious toil of gathering in the various grain harvests, they have a short season of respite, during which the fetters of serfdom may be said to be unshackled. Poor fellows! they have not many pastimes or pleasures by which to wile away the long hours of the day; so, Oriental-like, they enjoy themselves after their own fashion, lying under fig trees, smoking, sleeping, screeching uncouth ditties, or varying this amusement by swearing at their hard-working partners, because the dainty meal of chillies ground down with onions and oil (for it is fast-time) is not ready against the hour of noon, or scourging their young innocents because they dare to be hungry. It is seldom, very seldom, even during festivals, that these people are enabled to afford the luxury of meat, and then it is in the most meagre quantity. They all keep poultry in abundance; but to slaughter one of these for food, or cook an egg (unless it be one laid by the obliging hen of some luckless neighbor that has strayed into the peasant's hut for this laudable and charitable purpose) would be sacrilege and idiotism; in short, it would be killing the goose for its golden eggs in every sense of the word; for hens, and eggs, and chickens are the peasant's wife's perquisites, and supply the means for the family wardrobe, which, after all, is neither superfluous nor elegant.

Under the aforegoing circumstances, a fall of quails is by no means an unwelcome or unexciting event amongst them; and as this usually occurs in the very middle of their holiday time, it rouses them from their innate apathy, and, like a war trumpet, summons them forth for action. At a certain season—nay, almost on a certain day and at a certain hour, there arrive on the seaboards of Syria, always during the night, clouds upon clouds of quails, which have flitted over ocean and land, Heaven only knows for how many days or over what space, exhausted and weary, and which invariably alight among the seaside plains where the wild myrtles grow in bushy abundance, under which they can find shelter and rest; for though the keen eye of the hungry hawks can espy out their resting places, the birds are safe from their talons so long as they venture not into the open intervals of sandy waste. The peasants have long studied the advent of these birds with as great gusto as the most devoted astronomers would the return of a comet, and they long for the appearance with a far keener appetite and certainly less fear of indigestion or disappointment. Scouts and watchmen have been out night after night, and not even the accursed howl of the jackals can interfere with their keen sense of hearing as the approach of the hapless victims is wafted over the ocean by the midnight breeze. Even the jackals keep silence, for they know as well as the oldest peasant, that there is something good in the shape of a fleshy repast nigh at hand; and they get first served, and perhaps get the lion's share. What shall we liken their coming unto? Nothing better, surely, than a heavy squall at sea—first indistinctly, but rapidly clearer and clearer, the voices of many waters drawn by an angry wind; and even on the darkest of dark nights there is a black cloud that out-blacks everything on the horizon. The scouts know it; the jackals know it; so do the ferrets, weasels, and other things of a blood-thirsty and hungry disposition. These are the quails close at hand; and half an hour afterwards they have alighted, exhausted, upon the inhospitable land which receives them, and seek refuge as best they can among the myrtle bushes already described.

Long before daylight, all the peasants of half a score villages are up and ready for a terrible chase battue upon the new arrivals. Grand, indeed, are the preparations upon these occasions; and every woman, old, young, ugly, or the reverse, is laid under contribution, and parts with her "izzar," or outward wrapper (which is mostly an old sheet, but without which, enveloping her from head to foot, she dare not venture abroad,) to serve as subterfuge wings for the monstrous birds of prey that are to intimidate the unhappy quails, and drive them into hopeless captivity. All the village curs have been coaxed into imprisonment through the medium of fictitious bones, grease besmeared, to tantalize their never-satisfied appetites—for one bark would be fatal to the day's success. All the small children have been stuffed with water melons and cold rice, or burghul, until, in agonies with surfeiture, they coil themselves into corners of huts and cry themselves safely to sleep. Then, and not till then, the villagers assume their sporting attire, which certainlw is as singular as it is neither costly nor elegant. Yet, of a dark midnight, in a lonely field or nigh a grave yard, such an apparition would frighten many a bolder spirit than yours or mine into convulsions; the quails, poor things, fortunately for themselves, only suffer from like complaints after mortal injury has been done them. Pliant boughs from the mulberry are then bandaged to the men's arms, meeting at the nape of the neck, and to these, in front, are attached the various rags and sheets which are to represent wings, the nether end being secured above the naked knee; the face is almost entirely obscured in a hollowed gourd, having two large eyelet holes, which make the aspect of the wearer positively frightful; and then, forming an immense circle of a mile in circumference, the different villagers approach towards one central destination, silent, save for the flapping of their arms, which creates a noise very similar to the heavy flight of a legion of vultures. Behind each village party follows the great man of the day—the netter- who, armed with a monstrous hand net, comes stealthily behind, ready at a moment's warning to do the behests of his employers. Gradually the circle is circumscribed in its limits, the terrified birds crouchingly run from bush to bush, and, congregating from every point of the compass, at last assemble in a vast maize bush, over which instantly fly some half score nets, into which creep adepts in the art, and before sundown not only has every poor man revelled in a goodly meal, but he has sold hundreds of live quails to hungry Europeans, who fancy them a dainty, or to sporting Greeks, who keep them in small cages for the express purpose of gambling over encounters—for, of a truth, a most pugnacious bird is the quail, and he will allow himself to be scalped before he surrenders. This kind of fun lasts for about a week, and then such quails as have escaped find their way inland, the robes of the ladies are restored, and the peasants resume their yoke for another twelvemonth.

THE GHOSTS AND THE GAME OF FOOTBALL.

There was once a poor widow woman's son that was going to look for service, and one winter's evening he came to a farmer's strong house, and this house was very near an old castle. "God save all here," says he, when he got inside the door. "God save you kindly," says the farmer. "Come to the fire." "Could you give me a night's lodging?" says the boy. "That we will, and welcome, if you will only sleep in a comfortable room in the old castle above there; and you must have a fire and a candlelight, and whatever you like to drink; and if you're alive in the morning, I'll give you ten guineas." "Sure, I'll be live enough if you send no one to kill me." "I'll send no one to kill you, you may depend. The place is haunted ever since my father died, and three or four people that slept in the same room were found dead next morning. If you can banish the spirits I'll give you a good farm and my daughter, so that you like one another well enough to be married." "Never say't twice. I've a middling safe conscience, and don't fear an evil spirit that ever smelled of brimstone."

Well and good, the boy got his supper, and then they went up with him to the old castle, and showed him into a large kitchen, with a roaring fire in the grate, and a table, with a bottle and glass, and tumbler on it, and the kettle ready on the hob. They bade him good-night and God speed, and went off as if they didn't think their heels were half swift enough.

"Well," says he, to himself, "if there's any danger, this prayer book will be usefulier than either the glass or tumbler." So he kneeled down and read a good many prayers, and then sat by the fire, and waited to see what would happen. In about a quarter of an hour, he heard something bumping along the floor overhead till it came to a hole in the ceiling. There it stopped, and cried out, "I'll fall! I'll fall!" "Fall away," says Jack, and down came a pair of legs on the kitchen floor. They walked to one end of the room, and there they stood, and Jack's hair had like to stand upright on his head along with them. Then another crackling and whacking came to the hole, and the same words passed between the thing above and Jack, and down came a man's body, and went and stood upon the legs. Then comes the head and shoulders, till the whole man, with buckles in his shoes and knee-breeches, and a big flapped waistcoat and three-cocked hat, was standing in one corner of the room. Not to take up your time for nothing, two more men, more old-fashioned dressed than the first, were soon standing in two other corners. Jack was a little cowed at first; but found his courage growing stronger every moment; and what would you have of it, the three old gentlemen began to kick a puckeen as fast as they could, the man in the three-cocked hat playing against the other two.

"Fair play is bonny play," says Jack as bold as he could; but the terror was on him, and the words came out as if he was frightened in his sleep: "so I'll help you, sir." Well and good, he joined the sport, and kicked away till his shirt was wringing wet, savin' your presence, and the ball flying from one end of the room to the other like thunder, and still not a word was exchanged. At last, the day began to break, and poor Jack was dead beat, and he thought, by the way the three ghosts began to look at himself, and themselves, that they wished him to speak.

"So," says he, "gentlemen, as the sport is nearly over, and I done my best to please you, would you tell a body what is the reason of your coming here night after night, and how could I give you rest, if it is rest you want?" "Them is the wisest words," says the ghost with the three-cocked hat, "you ever said in your life. Some of those that came before you found courage enough to take a part in our game, but no one had "misnach" enough to speak to us. I am the father of the good man of the next house, that man in the left corner is my father, and the man on my right is my grandfather. From father to son we were too fond of the money. We lent it at ten times the honest interest it was worth; we never paid a debt we could get over, and almost starved our tenants and laborers.

"Here," says he, lugging a large drawer out of the wall; "here is the gold and notes that we put together, and we were not honestly entitled to the one-half of it; and here," says he, opening another drawer, "are bills and memorandums that'll show who were wronged, and who are entitled to get a great deal paid back to them. Tell my son to saddle two of his best horses for himself and yourself, and keep riding day and night, till every man and woman we ever wronged be rightified. When that is done, come here again some night, and if you don't hear or see anything, we'll be at rest, and you may marry my grand-daughter as soon as you please."

Just as he had said these words, Jack could see the wall through his body, and when he winked to clear his sight, the kitchen was as empty as a noggin turned upside down. At the very moment the farmer and his daughter lifted the latch, and both fell on their knees when they saw Jack alive. He soon told them everything that happened, and for three days and nights did the farmer and himself ride about, till there wasn't a single wronged person left without being paid to the last farthing.

The next night Jack spent in the kitchen he fell asleep before he was after sitting a quarter of an hour at the fire, and in his sleep he thought he saw three white birds flying up to heaven from the steeple of the next church.

Jack got the daughter for his wife, and they lived comfortably in the old castle; and if ever he was tempted to hoard up gold, or keep for a minute, a guinea or a shilling from the man that earned it through the nose, he bethought him of the ghosts and the game of foot-ball.

TEN BUSHELS OF PIGEONS AT ONE VOLLEY.

Several years ago, when the crops in some of the Western States were about to be destroyed by the large number of wild pigeons that came about, Deacon Thrope and several of his friends were sitting outside the log meeting-house, on Sunday morning, waiting for the minister to arrive, and as a matter of course, talking about the prospect of having "nothing to feed on" during the coming winter.

"It's orful!" said one of the company. "I never see the pigeons so thick afore. My Bill and Ben went down to the roost last night, and killed a bag-full with clubs. I think they'll take all my corn."

"Oh, yes, it's orful!" replied the others.

"That's nothing to what me and my Felix Joshua did, day before yesterday," said the deacon. "You know my bottom field there?" "Well, they come in it so thick you couldn't see the ground. I went down to scare them out, and peradventure, they riz up like a cloud, you couldn't see the sky for 'em. I hollered and slapped my hands, and tore around till I was plum worried out, but it did no good. They swarmed around over my head; and as fast as I went to one side of the field, they begun to pour down in t'other. Felix Joshua had jest got up to the crib with a load of corn, for he was a gatherin' the ridge field, and I went to whar he was and told him to go to the house and get his shot gun and my shot gun, and see if we couldn't drive them 'ar pigeons out'n the bottom field. So he goes and gits his shot gun and we goes down. He slipt along on one side of the field and I slipt along on t'other, till we got about middle ways, and then I gin a holler, and then up they flew like a whirlagust. I blazed away in the thickest of 'em, and Felix Joshua blazed away in the thickest of 'em and what do you think? They were all gone in a second. Then me and Felix Joshua, we clem over the fence and says he to me. 'Father, this beats all creation!' Says I to him, 'go fetch the steers and wagon,' and upon my word and honor, we picked up TEN BUSHELS!"

The good brothers stared wildly around them and would probably have accused their deacon of lying had they not been interrupted by the arrival of the preacher, and the announcement that "meetin' was a-goin' to begin."

After the services were over, little groups of the faithful might have been seen here and there, engaged in earnest conversation. Their subject was an exciting one, as you might have inferred from the length of their faces and the earnestness of their gestures. If you had listened to their conversation, you might have heard something about as follows:—

"Did you hear what Brother Thrope said 'bout him and Felix Joshua killin' ten bushels of pigeons at one shot?"

"Yes, it's orful, aint it?"

"It's a lie, sure as shootin', don't know what's got into Brother Thrope."

"What'll be done about it? It mustn't go so, it'll ruin the name of the church."

"We'd better fetch it up next meetin', and make him take it back, or church him."

And so it would go on. Of course the good deacon heard a whisper of it, which gave him no little uneasiness. However, he had been into several scrapes before, and had come out clear, and he doubted not he should meet with the same good luck on this occasion. Until the meeting day arrived, the entire settlement was in an uproar. Nothing was talked of but Deacon Thrope's ten bushels of pigeons. The good brothers said it was too bad to have the church disgraced by a deacon who would tell such unreasonable tales; while the pious old sisters wiped their spectacles, sighed, and said "It is hard telling the power which the evil one exerteth."

At last the exciting day arrived. The preacher stated that the church was ready for the transaction of business, whereupon Brother Fingle arose and said:—

"Brother Deacon Thrope says him and his Felix Joshua killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot. The church don't believe it, and would love to hear what the brother has to say for himself."

With much solemnity the Deacon arose, and after casting a serious look over the congregation, and elevating his eyes to the rafters a few times, spoke as follows:—

"My brethren, there is a sad mistake out—I didn't say we killed ten bushels of pigeons at one shot, but—"

"What did you say, then?" interrupted one of the brothers who was present when the Deacon first told about his pigeons. "Didn't you say you and your Felix Joshua both blazed away?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you say you both clem over the fence?"

"Yes, peradventure."

"Didn't you say that Felix Joshua said, Father, this beats all creation?"

"I did, brother."

"Didn't you say Felix Joshua fetched the steers and wagon, and you picked up ten bushels of pigeons?"

"There is the mistake, my brother," replied the deacon, again raising his eyes toward the rafters. "I didn't say we picked up ten bushels of pigeons—Brother Fingle is mistaken; I said—"

"Yes, I know what you said!" interrupted several, "you did say it, and we can prove it easy enough! You can't come that game over us, old hoss fly."

"Order, brethering," said the minister; "let's hear Brother Thrope's story, and then you can make any remarks you wish."

"Well, as I was sayin'," resumed the Deacon, "I didn't say we picked up ten pushels of pigeons—Brother Fingle is mistaken—I said we picked up ten bushels of corn that the pigeons had shattered off."

"Amen!" went up from the congregation, and a rush was made at Deacon Thrope to shake him by the hand. It is needless to say he was restored to full fellowship and confidence.

THE BATTLES OF A YEAR.

One year ago, the 12th of April, occurred the first action in the war. Ten thousand rebels opened fire upon seventy loyal soldiers in Fort Sumter. Since then there have been fought twenty-five battles, besides numerous skirmishes. The following list will show the year's work:

April 12-13, 1861	1.	Fort Sumpter, South Carolina.
June 10,	2.	Big Bethel, Virginia.
July 5,	3.	Carthage, Missouri.
July 12,	4.	Rich Mountain, Virginia.
July 14,	5.	Carricksford, Virginia.
July 21,	6.	Bull Run, Virginia.
August 10,	7.	Springfield, Missouri.
Sept. 20,	8.	Lexington, Missouri.
October 9,	9.	Santa Rosa Island, Fla.
October 21,	10.	Ball's Bluff, Virginia.
October 21,	11.	Fredericktown, Missouri.
Nov. 7,	12.	Port Royal, S. Carolina.
Nov. 8	13.	Belmont, Missouri.
Dec. 20,	14.	Drainsville, Virginia.
Jan. 19, 1862	15.	Mill Spring, Kentucky.
Feb. 6,	16.	Fort Henry, Tennessee.
Feb. 7, 8,	17.	Roanoke Island, N. C.
Feb. 13, 16,	18.	Fort Donelson, Tenn.
Feb. 21,	19.	Valverde, New Mexico.
March 6, 8,	20.	Pea Ridge, Arkansas.
March 8, 9,	21.	Hampton Roads, Virginia.
March 14,	22.	Newbern, N. C.
March 23,	23.	Winchester, Virginia.
April 6, 7,	24.	Pittsburgh Landing, Tenn.
April 7,	25.	Surrender of Island No. 10.
April 11,	26.	Surrender of Fort Pulaski.

Of these actions, eight occurring in 1861 were defeats for us and six victories; but since New Year's day the list shows an uninterrupted series of splendid successes for the Union arms.

Leaving out the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, our losses during the war have been—in killed, 2,490; wounded, 4,196; prisoners, 1,440; total loss, exclusive of deaths in camp by disease, 8,126. The rebel loss has been, in killed and wounded, 12,429; prisoners, 23,707; besides which the rebels have lost enormous stores of provisions, not less than three hundred and fifty cannon, and at least nine Generals killed, named Bee, Barton, Garnet, Herbert, Johnson, McCoullough, McIntosh, Slack and Zollicoffer, besides Tilgham, Buckner, Mackall, and two other prisoners. Two of their commodores, Barron and Hollins, are in our hands, and one, Buchanan, is reported to be dead. Under these circumstances it is well for the rebels to order *Te Deums* in their churches.

PRESTIDIGITATION EXTRAORDINARY.—The following amusing instance of the general ignorance of the Turks with respect to the arts, is related in a Tour through Greece:—The Disdar of Athens was very rapacious in his demands for leave to copy inscriptions, &c. "After experiencing numerous vexations from this mercenary Turk," says the author, "a ridiculous circumstance at length released us from his importunities. I was one day engaged in sketching the Parthenon with the aid of a camera obscura, when the Disdar, whose surprise was excited by the novelty of the sight, asked, with much inquietude, what new conjuration I was performing with that extraordinary machine? I endeavored to explain it, by putting in a clean sheet of paper, and making him look into the instrument; but he no sooner saw the temple instantaneously reflected on the paper, in all its lines and colors, than he imagined that I had produced the effect by some magical process; his astonishment appeared mingled with alarm, and stroking his long black beard, he repeated the words, Allah Mesch-Allah (a term of admiration, meaning that which is made by God) several times. He again looked into the camera obscura with a kind of cautious diffidence, and at that moment some of his soldiers happening to pass before the mirror, were beheld by the astonished Disdar walking on the paper: he now became outrageous, and told me that, if I chose, I might take away the temple and all the stones in the citadel; but that he would never permit me to conjure *his soldiers* into my box. Finding it vain to reason with his ignorance, I changed my tone, and told him if he did not leave me unmolested, I would put *him* into my box, and that he should find it a very difficult matter to obtain release. His alarm was now visible: he immediately retired, and ever after regarded me with a mixture of apprehension and amazement."

WHAT CONSTITUTES LEGAL UNSOUNDNESS IN HORSES.

A KNEE-SPRUNG horse can hardly be said to be unsound. He may be a very fast horse, and can endure with ease the labor of any common, ordinary horse, although there is an alteration of structure which unfits him for the race course. This would not be likely to produce disease or lameness; he would be more likely to grow better than worse if used for common purposes. But, if so bad as to produce stumbling and falling, he would be unsound, and a warranty should be taken against such DEFECTS.

CAPPED HOCKS cannot be considered unsoundness, if produced by an uneven stable floor, or by kicking; but, if produced by a sprain, and a permanent thickening and enlargement of membranes, there would be unsoundness. A special warranty should be required in such cases.

CONTRACTION OF THE HOOF is a considerable deviation from the natural form of the foot, but does not necessarily constitute unsoundness. It requires, however, a most careful examination by the purchaser, to ascertain that there is no fever or ossification of the cartilage; that the frog is not diseased, that the animal is not tender-footed or lame. Unless some of these symptoms are indicated, he must not be pronounced unsound. A special warranty should be required where the feet are contracted.

CORNS manifestly constitute unsoundness. Although few men lay much stress on this malady, still much inconvenience and many times serious difficulties must be encountered by them, as they are seldom thoroughly cured. Many horses are almost constantly lame with corns, through a scrofulous habit of the system. A warranty against such animals would be safe.

TREMBLING KNEES.—This cannot be considered unsoundness; yet it is precursory symptoms of KNEE-SPRUNG. Trembling of the knees after a smart exercise indicates weakness, and should be regarded as objectionable.

A COUGH constitutes unsoundness, however slight or of short standing. If a horse is noticed to cough before the purchase, or immediately afterward, he is diseased; but if warranted sound, and the cough is not discovered until one or two days afterward, he is not returnable; for a few hours is sufficient to contract a cough, by taking cold while standing in a damp, musty stable, or by eating different feed, musty hay, &c.

ROARING, WHEEZING OR WHISTLING is unsoundness, being the result of alteration of structure, or disease in the air passages. Although there have been decisions to the contrary, courts, and jurors are often at loss, for the want of intelligent witnesses; and if a veterinary surgeon is called to the stand, not having seen the animal, he is liable to be mistaken from misrepresentation. BROKEN WIND is still more decidedly unsoundness.

CRIB-BITING.—A difference of opinion exists as to this being unsoundness, and courts have given opposite decisions in respect to it. There are cribbers that can scarcely be said to be unsound, as they are not perceptibly injured, and it does not interfere with their condition or endurance. Others inhale and swallow a great amount of wind; they bloat and are subject to colic, which interferes with their health and strength; this would constitute unsoundness. A warranty should always be taken against injury from cribbing, even if he breaks his teeth or injures himself, recompense may be had.

CURB constitutes unsoundness, as long as it lasts, and perhaps while the swelling remains, although no inflammation exists, for a horse that has once thrown out curb, is liable to do so again on the slightest exertion. A horse, however, should not be returned, if he spring a curb five minutes after purchase, for it is done in a moment, and does not indicate any previous unsoundness.

A DARKEY ON THE FIGHT QUESTION.

A correspondent writing from the Cumberland river, gives the following humorous account of a colloquy with a philosophic darkey:—

I noticed upon the hurricane deck to-day an elderly darkey with a very philosophical and retrospective cast of countenance, squatted upon his bundle toasting his shins against the chimney, and apparently plunged into a state of profound meditation. Finding upon inquiry that he belonged to the Ninth Illinois, one of the most gallantly behaved and heavy losing regiments at the Fort Donelson battle, part of which was aboard, I began to interrogate him upon the subject. His philosophy was so much in the Falstaffian vein that I will give his views in his own words as near as my memory serves me:—

"Were you in the fight?"

"Had a little taste of it, sa."

"Stood your ground, did you?"

"No, sa, I runs."

"Run at the first fire, did you?"

"Yes, sa—and would hab run soona, had I knowed it war comin."

"Why, that wasn't very creditable to your courage."

"Dat isn't in my line, sa—Cookin's my perfeshun."

"Well, but have you no regard for your reputation?"

"Reputation's nuffin to me by de side ob life."

"Do you consider your life worth more than other people's?"

"It's worth more to me, sa."

"Then you must value it very highly?"

"Yes, sa, I does—more dan all dis wuld—more dan a million of dollars, sa, for what would dat be wuth to a man wid de breff out of him? Self preserbashum am de fust law wid me."

"But why should you act upon a different rule from other men?"

"Because different men set different values upon dar lives—mine is not in de market."

"But if you lost it, you would have the satisfaction of knowing that you died for your country."

"What satisfaction would dat be to me when de power ob feelin' was gone?"

"Then patriotism and honor are nothing to you?"

"Nuffin whatever, sa—I regard dem as among de vanities."

"If our soldiers were like you, traitors might have broken up the Government without resistance."

"Yes, sa—dar would hab been no help for it. I would'nt put my life in de scale 'gainst any Gobernment dat eber existed, for no Gobernment could replace de loss to me."

"Do you think any of your company would have missed you if you had been killed?"

"May be not, sa—a dead white man ain't much to dese sogers, let alone a dead nigga—but I'd a missed myself, and dat was de pint wid me."

It is safe to say that the dusky corpse of that African will never darken the field of carnage.

SHOOTING IN PUMPS.—A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of Taunton, who was notorious for the strictness with which he guarded his preserves, was visiting at the house of a friend, where he was introduced to a third gentleman, who was an utter stranger to him. In the course of conversation, this latter personage, who affected considerable effeminacy and dandyism, intimated that he was desirous of enjoying a day's shooting, at which sport, however, he was a mere tyro. The man of preserves looked at the querist, and, in an unusual fit of generosity, promised a day's pleasure. Accordingly it was agreed, that, on the next morning, he should breakfast with him at his seat, and thence he would accompany him to the covers. Morning came, and with it the sportsman—dressed, not in the usual shooting gear, but in a full ball dress, with dancing shoes instead of boots. His host stared, though rejoicing that nothing more formidable was about to be introduced into his preserves. The meal concluded, he takes him to the window: "There's the cover; I regret that I cannot accompany you." (Had he been an evident sportsman, he would have followed him like one of his own pointers.) The dandy went, and lo! proved to be an unfailing marksman: the birds rose, and fell as quickly, until the keeper spied him, demanded his name, rushed to his master: "He has my permission, John; the pumps and silk stockings will only frighten the birds a little, aha!" "Why, Lord bless me, sir, he's knocking 'em down right and left—he's killed a bushel." Away runs the astonished owner; the stranger had already killed five hares, twenty pheasants, and two cocks. Enraged, the owner eyes his martyred friends—an explanation ensues—the never-missing shot is warned off the manor—pumps, silk-stockings and all. It was Captain M——, a celebrated sporting character.

GOOD ADVICE TO DOCTORS.—A Bowery boy being cut short in a hard life by a sore disease, which quickly brought him to death's door, was told by his physician that medicine could do nothing for him.

"What's my chance, Doctor?"

"Not worth speaking of."

"One in twenty?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"Well perhaps there might be one in a hundred."

"I say, then, doctor," pulling him close down, and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just you go in your best on that one chance."

4-11-44!!! In this capital CLIPPER Story, the author, John Cooper Vail, last week made a beautiful comparison of one of his heroines with "Marguerite of Burgundy." Now, for the CLIPPER readers to fully understand Mr. Vail's comparison, they should read our book entitled "Marguerite of Burgundy; or, the Secret Loves of a Queen." Price 50 cents. Address, EDGAR, MORPHY & Co., 81 Nassau st., N. Y.
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HELEN OF TROY—CANTO XXIV.

The Trojan Seminary's garden wall
Abutted on the Hudson's glassy stream;
A row of noble linden trees were all
Which were allowed the space to intervene—
Whose giant trunks uprose so huge and tall,
That from the windows one might catch the gleam
Of the pure tide, and see its surface skimmer
With the romantic moonlight's silvery glimmer.

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